

THE ADDAMS FAMILY HOME IMPROVEMENT

No.
311
June
1992

MAD^{IND}®

Our
Price
\$1.75
Cheap!



PUBLISHER'S STARDATE: 4173.2856—in other words, Tuesday around noon! These are the voyages of our money making Enterprise! Our continuing mission—to Cling-on to the Star Trek rage by issuing THE COMPLETE MAD STAR TREK COLLECTION! We scanned the universe and beamed down into the murky depths of our old files searching for anything we ever did remotely connected to Trekkiedom! Then we set our phasers on "Churn Out More Moronic Junk" and dredged up new material which is sure to leave you stunned! Indeed, now we can truly say,

WE HAVE BOLDLY GONE WHERE NO MAD HAS GONE BEFORE!

MAD'S COMPLETE STAR TREK COLLECTION!

MAD

SUPER SPECIAL

Inside: Our
**ALL-NEW
STAR
TREK
VI**
Spoof!

Stardate: September 1992 Our Price \$3.50 Cheap!



96 PAGES OF COLLECTOR'S ITEMS! Including:
The Original Star Trek Series! All The Movies!
The Next Generation! The MAD Star Trek Musical!
Plus ... Other Stuff That Doesn't Mention Star Trek At All!

SO, GET OFF YOUR ASTEROID AND SHIFT INTO WARP SPEED!
THIS SPECIAL WILL ONLY BE ON SALE FOR HALF A LIGHT YEAR!!

MAD

"Today, too many workers spend their time trying to make their weekends meet."
—Alfred E. Neuman

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LILLIAN ALFONSO, CLAUDETTE NICHOLS subscriptions

CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS the usual gang of idiots

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FRONT COVER ARTIST: RICHARD WILLIAMS

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BACK COVER WRITERS: JOE RAIOLA AND CHARLIE KADAU

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AN EXCITING NEW SUBSCRIPTION OFFER EXCLUSIVELY FOR READERS OF MAD MAGAZINE!

"An extraordinary opportunity to own the official MAD Pin Collection!"



A Brief History of the MAD Pin Collection

In late 1990, MAD publisher William Mildred Farnsworth Higgenbottom Pious Gaines IX decreed that there should be an official MAD Pin Collection and ordered that famous artisans from around the world be contacted to see who would work the cheapest to create these objects of art!

Unique in all of jewelry-making history, we broke the mold before we cast these pins!

Each official MAD Pin is precision crafted by machines that are turned On and Off by hand!

Each Pin is cast in Space Age Alloys—the same Alloys used to make NASA space shuttle souvenir pins sold by guys hanging around Cape Canaveral!

The Official MAD Pin Collection smells like jewelry that costs thousands of dollars and can be mistaken for real gold at distances over 500 meters (though at shorter distances they may be mistaken for a lot of other things!)

These Pins will not be sold in any store—we know, we tried getting any store we could find to sell them and nobody would touch them!

Due to the special nature of this offer, the number of Official MAD Pins commissioned shall never exceed the demand! (In the event of a tie, all production will cease! That's our commitment to quality!)

These are the very same Pins that will be offered by us again and again and again in future issues of MAD Magazine!

An Important Reminder! Each Official MAD Pin is so valuable it will be personally delivered to your home by an official United States Government Employee, dressed like a mailman!

This offer is neither endorsed nor in any way connected to the Franklin Mint, Benjamin Franklin, Joe Franklin or Franklin Delano Roosevelt!

How To Get Your MAD Pin Collection FREE:

485 MADison Avenue



New York, New York 10022

- ☐ I enclose \$53.75 for a 40-Issue Subscription. I'll save \$16.25 off newsstand price and get all three MAD Pins shown above absolutely free!
- ☐ I enclose \$33.75 for a 24-Issue Subscription. I'll save \$8.25 off newsstand price and get the official MAD Logo Pin absolutely free!

- ☐ I enclose \$13.75 for an 8-Issue Subscription. I'll save a paltry 25¢ off newsstand price and get to look at someone else's MAD Pins because you won't send me any!

☐ CHECK HERE IF RENEWAL

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ Zip _____

Our Pledge: MAD will not sell or give your name and address to anyone for any reason!

*Outside U.S.A. (including Canada), \$18.75 for 8 issues or \$46.75 for 24 issues or \$74.75 for 40 issues in U.S. Funds payable by International Money Order or Check drawn on a U.S.A. Bank. Canadian price has GST tax included. Allow 10 weeks for subscription to be processed. MAD Magazine cannot be responsible for cash lost or stolen in the mails so CHECK OR MONEY ORDER PREFERRED!

USE COUPON OR DUPLICATE

LETTERS AND TOMATOES DEPT.



"BEVERLY HILLS 911"

I just wanted to let you guys know that "Beverly Hills 911" was excellent! Even though I love the show, I enjoyed the humor that was put into it. You guys should consider a "part 2" of the series. Hey, maybe it will become a miniseries! Ha ha!

Tara Kane
Staten Island, NY

We'd LOVE to do a miniseries and have every intention of doing so as soon as the 90210 producers go ahead with their plan to kill off Brandon, Brenda and that meathead Dylan!—Ed.

I am writing regarding MAD #309, where you decided to "have fun" with *Beverly Hills 90210*. I don't know who you think you are by making fun of such a great show! It's not the most popular TV show for nothing. You just wish you were half as good looking as the male actors and had half their talent! You might as well give up hope because you never will!

You say they have no talent, huh? Their "no talent" is providing them with more money in their bank account than you could ever dream of! So, schmucks, better luck next time! Give it up!

Ruthie Ginsburg
Riverdale, NY

Big G—You know, we bet a scant few months ago you were probably a big, BIG fan of New Kids on the Block! Yep, we bet the farm that you were a Donnie kind of gall Danny, Donnie, Jason, Luke—they're all flash in the pan yahoos! But hey, who are we to criticize your pathetic boy toy cravings!—Ed.

DARRRRRYL...

In issue #308's "MAD's Para-Persons" you've drawn Darryl Strawberry with a glove on his left hand. Being a Strawberry fan, I knew the glove goes on his RIGHT hand. Get it right, you losers!

Dustin "Dud" Gauthier
Pickerington, OH



Dustin—We may have missed the mark about Darryl's glove, but we got the ball bouncing off his head right on the money!—Ed.

JACKPOTRZEBIE!

I'm a winner in the latest MAD Jackpotrzebie! Wow, it feels great to be a winner, even if I had to buy another copy of that Special with an undamaged cover to save for my collection (What a great scam that is!). I'm 29 years old and have been reading MAD since 1972. I bought this issue at Dominicks in Bannockburn, IL. Keep up the great work!

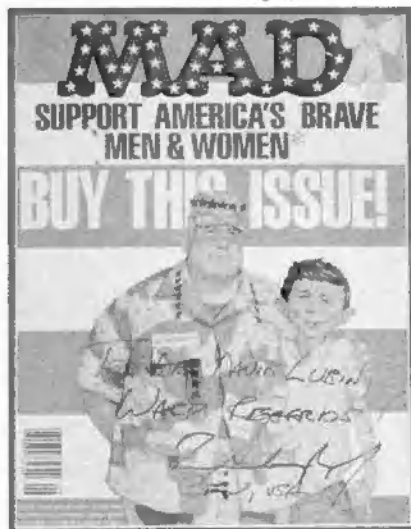
Brian Lewis
Evanston, IL

Fa fa fa! Brian is a winner! Actually, of the several winners who have contacted us, he is the only one who shops at Dominicks! If there's an oddly-named magazine stand near you, pick up a MAD Collector's Series #3, check the winning numbers list in MAD #309 and see if you're a winner!—Ed.

OPERATION DESERT SIGN

As you can see by the enclosed photo, I had the chutzpah to send General Norman Schwarzkopf a copy of MAD #305 to sign and was amazed when I received it back, autographed!

David J. Lubin, M.D.
Tampa, FL



Impressive, Lubejob, M.D.! Tell you what, we'll swap you two Dick Cheneys and a Colin Powell for it! No? Then how about if we throw in a mint Dan Quayle rookie card with original crayon scribbles?—Ed.

BEST ENHANCEMENT

Here I am enclosing my personal "Best Of The Year" Awards for 1991. I will be glad if you printed the following:

- Best Movie Satire: Dunces With Wolves (#305)
- Best TV Satire: Familiar Matters (#307)
- Best Article: Any Doofus Can... But It Takes A Genius To... (#305)
- Best Satire of a Movie that Deserved It: Home A-Groan (#303)
- Best Satire of a TV Show that Deserved It: Scale Prince of Belch Air (#303)
- Best Lighter Side Of: (#302)
- Best Spy Vs. Spy: (#304)
- Best Tales from the Duck Side: The Injurious Identification Intrigue (#300)
- Best Cover: Madonna (#304)
- Best Back Cover: Blank Video Club (#300)
- Best Fold-In: Milli Vanilli (#303)
- Best Alfred E. Neuman Quote: (#300)
- Best Super Special: MAD Collector's Series #1
- Best Paperback: Sergio Aragones is Totally MAD
- Best Overall Issue: (#300)

Erick del Toro
Camuy, Puerto Rico

STRICTLY LOW CALIBER

Note: The editors of American Rifleman magazine (the mouthpiece of the National Rifle Association) recently expressed its outrage over several jokes in MAD satirizing the NRA. After whipping up their readers with some paranoid rantings about media conspiracies and threats to their children, they encouraged their readers to write to us. The following letter represents the gist of what we received.

The National Rifle Association did not miss the stupid, biased and liberal cartoon in your magazine about heavily armed wildlife and assault weapons. I used to read your magazine as a teenager and sometimes still do—but never again. I will boycott and write any and all advertisers that support your garbage magazine.

James Maass
Lima, OH

Boycott our advertisers? Oh no, God, please, anything but THAT, Jimbo! You've got us quaking and trembling with fear! Now we know how the deer and other cute and furry woodland animals feel before hunters pump them full of lead to give themselves a cheap testosterone rush! Thanks for writing!—Ed.

Turnabout is fair play—Since they asked their readers to write to us, we're asking you to write to them! Do you think anyone (and we mean anyone—John Hinckley wannabes/disgruntled former postal workers/your weird cousin!) should be permitted to purchase any firearm, no matter how powerful it is, for whatever reason, whenever they want? Let those editors know by writing to them at: American Rifleman, 470 Spring Park Place, Suite 1000, Herndon, VA 22070!

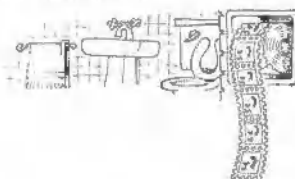


PARTING SHOT

I would like to thank you for the "I'm the NRA" back cover of MAD #308. As an animal rights activist, I do appreciate your guts to print something on such a controversial topic. From me and the animals, I say thanks.

Craig Timms
Tallahassee, FL

Guts?? What do you know about guts, you lily-livered, bean sprout hugging wimp! Guts! Why there's nothing more beautiful than the entrails of a recently gunned down baby deer glistening in the morning sun... The fresh smell of gun powder mixing with recently belched beer! Now that's talking industrial-strength testosterone! Sorry, Craiggy, you're just not the man Jimbo is!—Ed.



Please Address All Correspondence To:
MAD, Dept. 311, 485 MADison Avenue
New York, New York 10022

MAD welcomes reader submissions. Manuscripts will not be returned or acknowledged, however, unless they are accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope or a note congratulating Freddy on his 20-million plus Ninja Turtle pinball score!

MORON MAIL

When I grow up I am going to be a secretary. What about you? Well, gotta go, I'm late for my eye appointment!

Shannon Perin
Schuyler, NE

When we grow up we want to drive a green truck. One of those big ones. With a horn and lots of lights. And chrome, there's got to be a lot of chrome. Well, gotta go, Dave Berg is banging on the door—he needs the stall!—Ed.



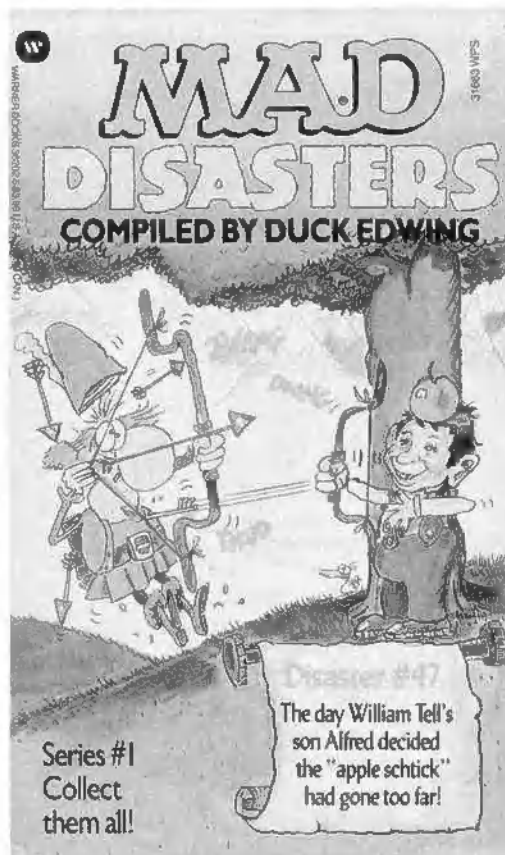
The Hindenburg Explosion!

The Titanic Sinking!

Bush Elected President!

Great Disasters All—

But NONE Greater Than...



Series #1
Collect
them all!

Buy It Today!

(Or it will be disastrous
to our bank account!)

CORN ON MACABRE DEPT.

We all know people who smile on the outside, but are disgusting and downright weird inside! Every year we elect many of them to public office! But here, we're talking about a famous bunch who, with their particular brand of wackiness, have grossed millions of dollars AND millions of people!!! We're referring, of course, to (all together, snap your fingers)...

I'm Gonads, father of the Adnauseam Family! Normally, I don't have a worry in the world because I have a vault in the basement filled with riches! But all that wealth could vanish in a few days! I just called a plumber to see why the pipes in the bathroom stopped oozing that wonderful raw sewage! And you know what plumbers charge!

I'm More-teasin'!! I'm Gonad's wife! Gonad and I have a very special relationship. We relish double entendres! Lately we've been thinking of inviting over one of the neighbors so we can try "triple entendres"! Kinky!

I'm the son of Abigail Grave-in, a con artist! She and her crooked lawyer are making me pose as Uncle Festive, who's been missing for 25 years, so we can get our hands on the Adnauseam fortune! On the other hand, perhaps I am the real Uncle Festive! I haven't a clue! I've been Back to the Future so many times, I don't know what century it is!

THINGS AT PLAY

CARDINAL

MAN EATING PIRANHA

I'm Grandmuck! I'm a widow. The last time I saw my husband alive was when we had him for Thanksgiving dinner. He was delicious! I don't feel like cooking tonight so I called Domino's. They get a pizza delivery boy over here in 30 minutes or less so I don't even have to warm it up in the oven! The delivery boy, I mean, not the pizza!

I'm Doomsday, the daughter! I used to torture my little brother, Pigsley, but yesterday he said something that made me stop! He said he enjoyed it!

I'm Pigsly! My sister, Doomsday, is right—I really LOVE physical and mental pain! That's why I begged my Mom and Dad to send me to a Catholic School!

III QF DRUCKER

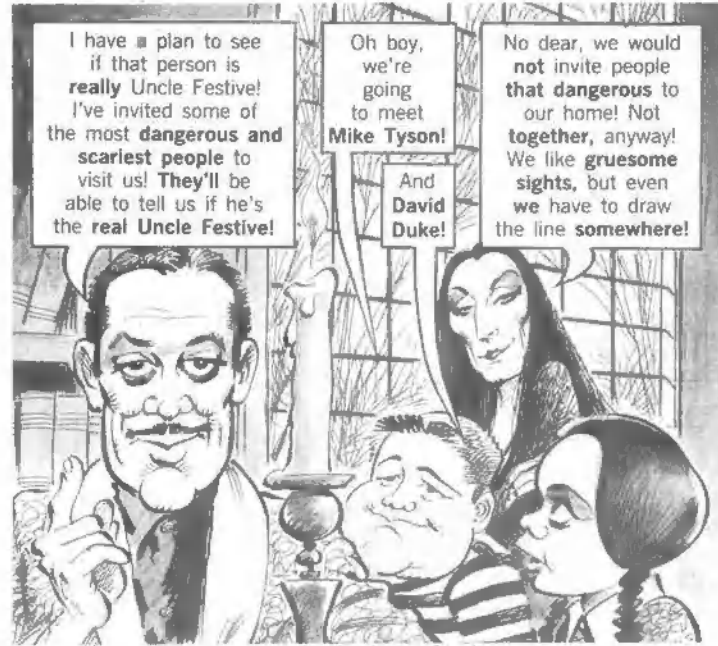


Uncle Festive's been **missing** for 25 years, but I'm not **convinced** the person who just showed up here is **really him!**

Gee, he sure does **look like** Uncle Festive!

And he sure does **sound like** Uncle Festive!

He doesn't **SMELL** like Uncle Festive, though! No one else had that **dank, musty, loathsome, winsome** smell that was **unmistakably** Uncle Festive!



I have a plan to see if that person is **really** Uncle Festive! I've invited some of the most **dangerous and scariest** people to visit us! They'll be able to tell us if he's the **real** Uncle Festive!

Oh boy, we're going to meet **Mike Tyson!**

And **David Duke!**

No dear, we would **not** invite people that **dangerous** to our home! Not **together**, anyway! We like **gruesome** sights, but even we have to draw the line **somewhere!**

The Adnauseam Family

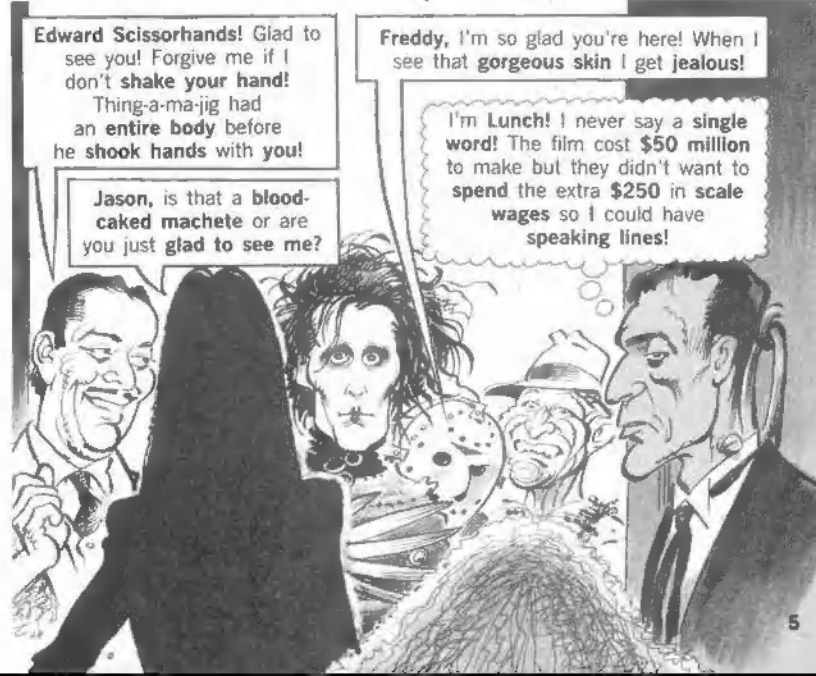
ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER
WRITER: DICK DEBARTOLO



The Adnauseam Family house is **spooky!** And it's **located** in the **creepiest, most disgusting** part of town!

That's exactly the kind of location the Adnauseams **wanted!**

If it was **creepy** and **disgusting** they wanted, they should've bought a house on **Madison Avenue** in New York—it's the **heart** of the **advertising** community!

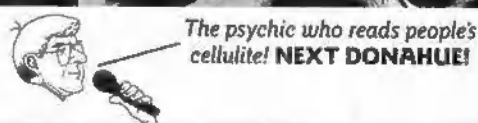
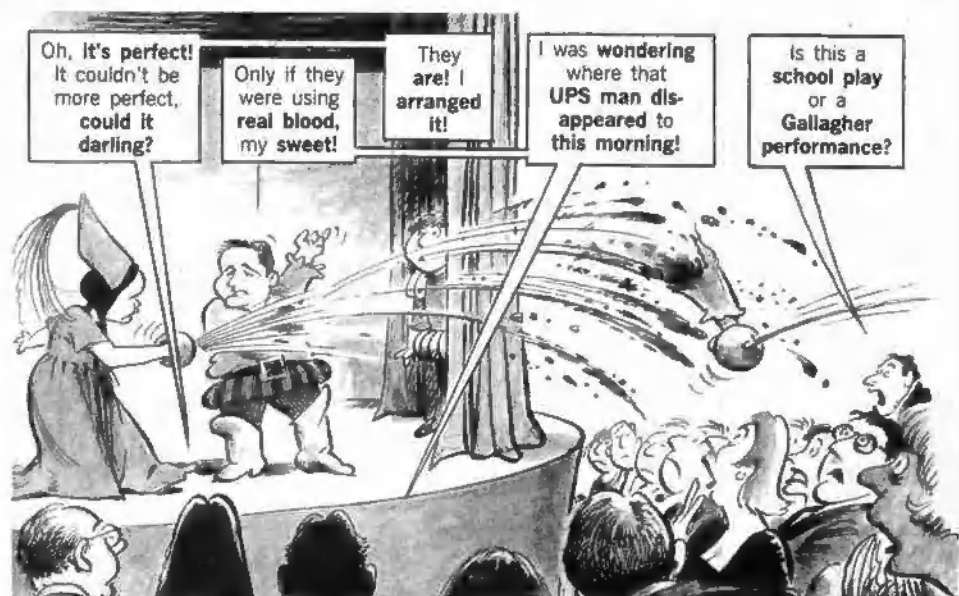
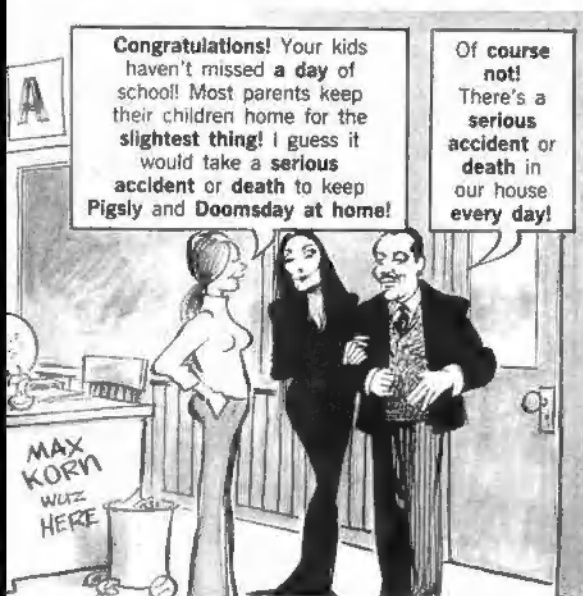
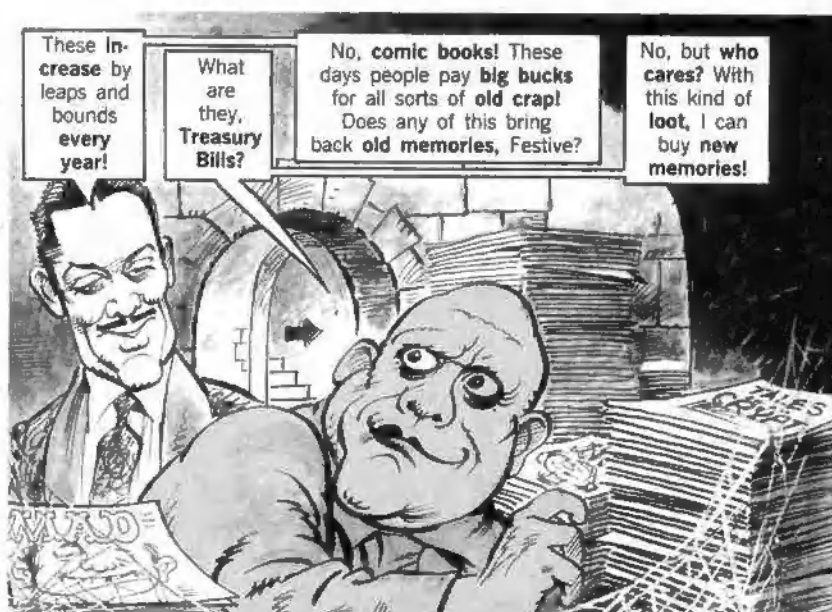
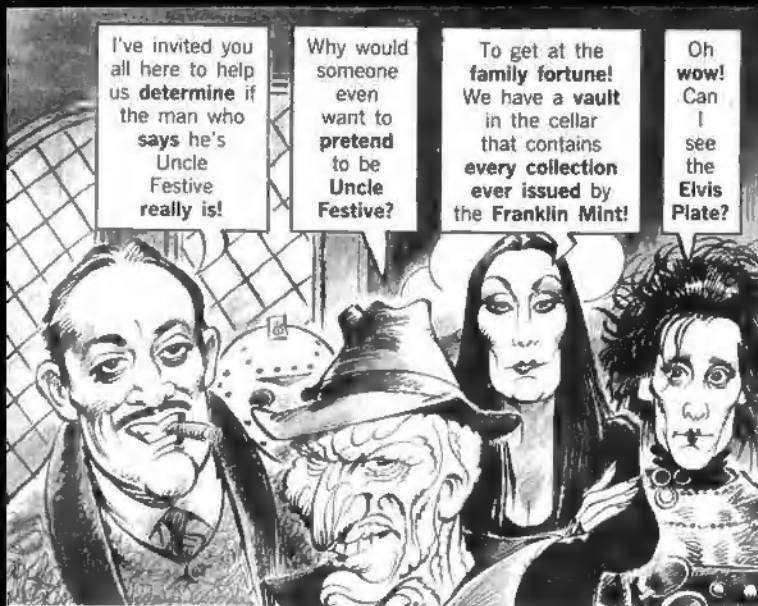


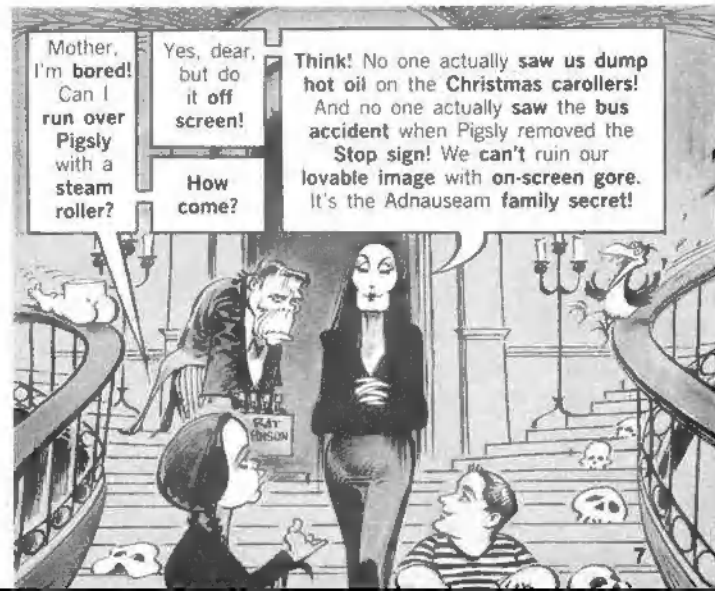
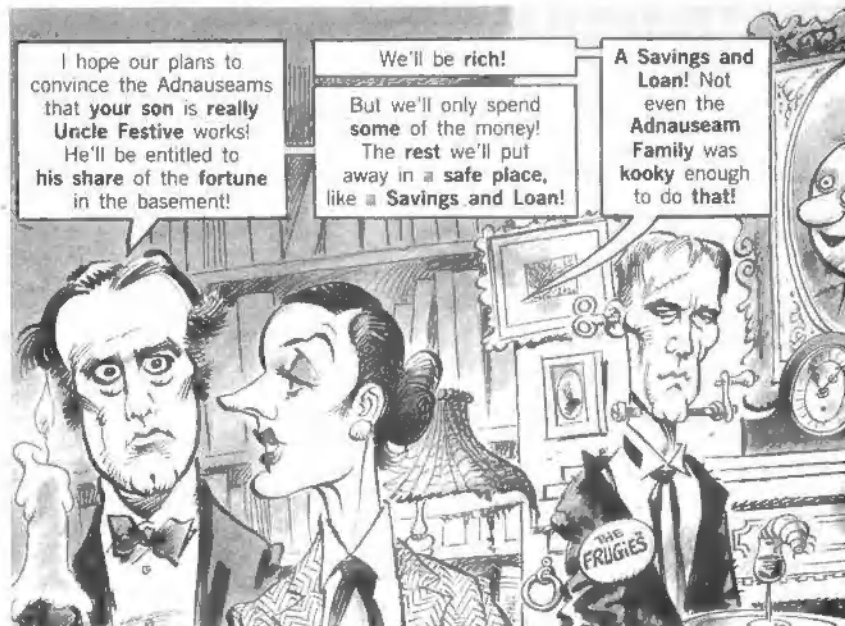
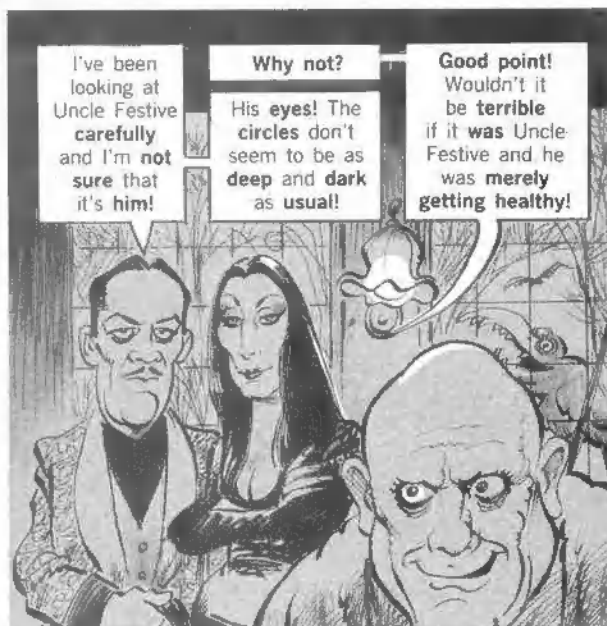
Edward Scissorhands! Glad to see you! Forgive me if I don't **shake your hand!** Thing-a-ma-jig had an **entire body** before he **shook hands** with you!

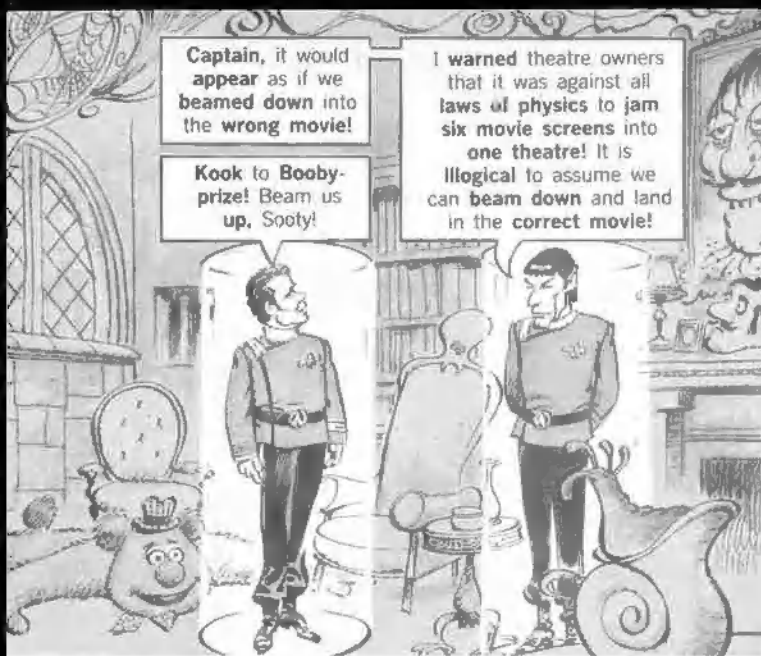
Jason, is that a **blood-caked machete** or are you just **glad to see me?**

Freddy, I'm so glad you're here! When I see that **gorgeous skin** I get **jealous!**

I'm **Lunch!** I never say a **single word!** The film cost **\$50 million** to make but they didn't want to spend the extra **\$250** in **scale wages** so I could have **speaking lines!**







Captain, it would appear as if we beamed down into the wrong movie!

Kook to Booby-prize! Beam us up, Sooty!

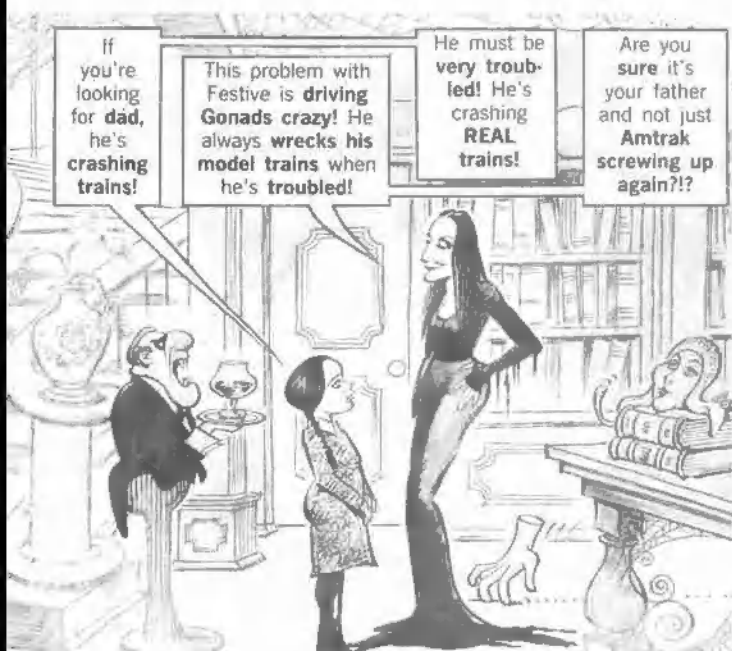
I warned theatre owners that it was against all laws of physics to jam six movie screens into one theatre! It is illogical to assume we can beam down and land in the correct movie!



What do you think? Is he really Uncle Festive?

I'm not sure, but he sure tastes like Uncle Festive!

I can't stand it! The Adnauseum Family have a multi-million dollar movie and a new book of cartoons! All we have is a crappy, low-budget TV sitcom with that stupid John Schmuck! Life is so unfair!!!



If you're looking for dad, he's crashing trains!

This problem with Festive is driving Gonads crazy! He always wrecks his model trains when he's troubled!

He must be very troubled! He's crashing REAL trains!

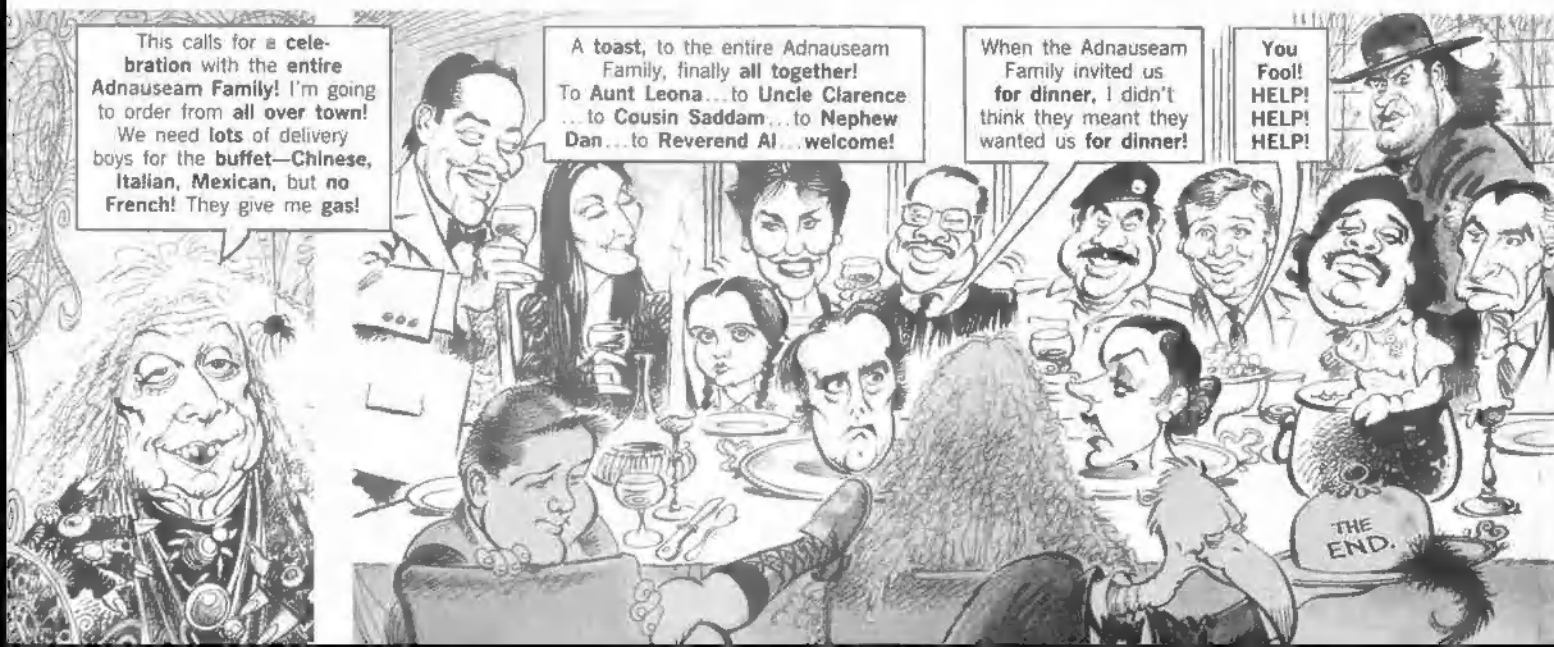
Are you sure it's your father and not just Amtrak screwing up again?!



Everyone! Good news! I am the real Uncle Festive! I went back to the Black Hole and it miraculously restored my memory!

The Black Hole? Do you mean the Bermuda Triangle you keep babbling about?

No, the big Black Hole in the logic of this script! We blame all the inaccuracies and inconsistencies on it!



This calls for a celebration with the entire Adnauseum Family! I'm going to order from all over town! We need lots of delivery boys for the buffet—Chinese, Italian, Mexican, but no French! They give me gas!

A toast, to the entire Adnauseum Family, finally all together! To Aunt Leona...to Uncle Clarence...to Cousin Saddam...to Nephew Dan...to Reverend Al...welcome!

When the Adnauseum Family invited us for dinner, I didn't think they meant they wanted us for dinner!

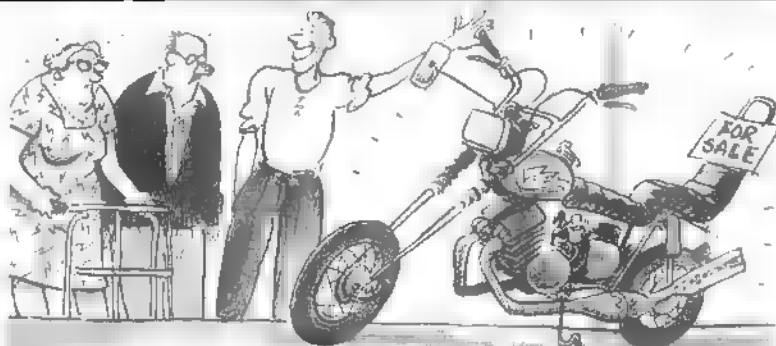
You Fool! HELP! HELP! HELP!

THE END.

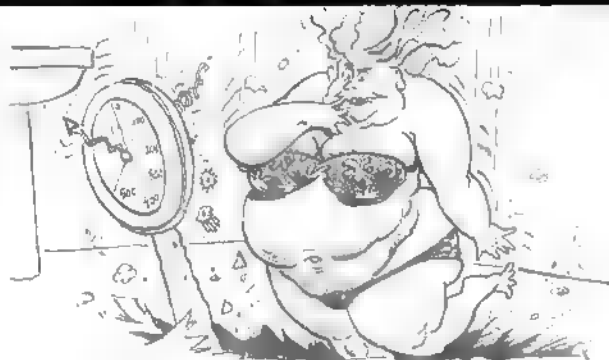


THE HORRENDOUS HOMELESS HEARTBREAK

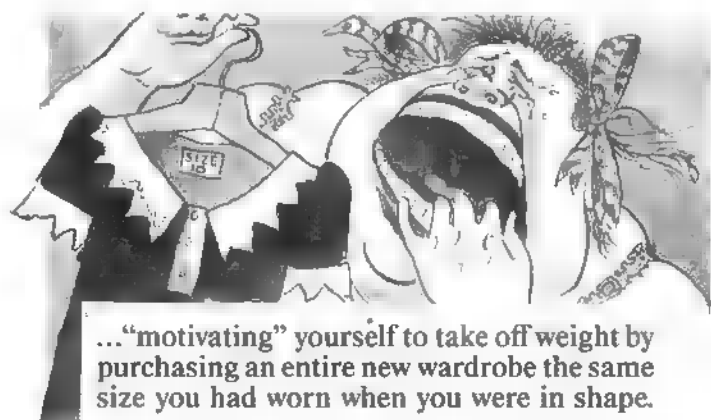




...getting your folks to buy something you want by telling them how much it would enrich *their* lives.



...jumping up and down on the scale to get it to read what you think it should.



...“motivating” yourself to take off weight by purchasing an entire new wardrobe the same size you had worn when you were in shape.

BACK TO THE FUTILE DEPT.

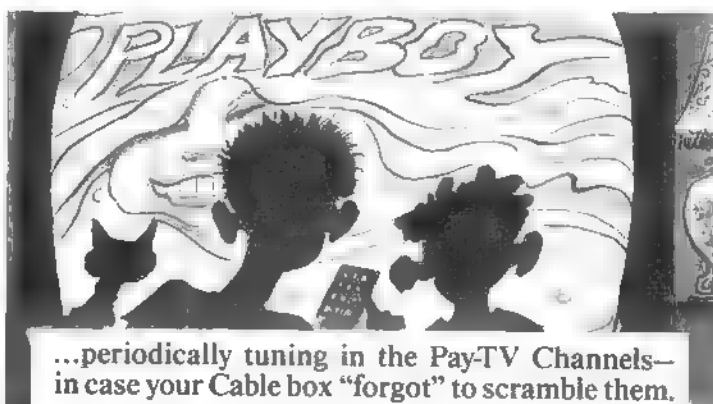
The task of writing a concise yet snappy introduction to a MAD story—one that fully explains the article that is to follow—

IT NEVER WORKS

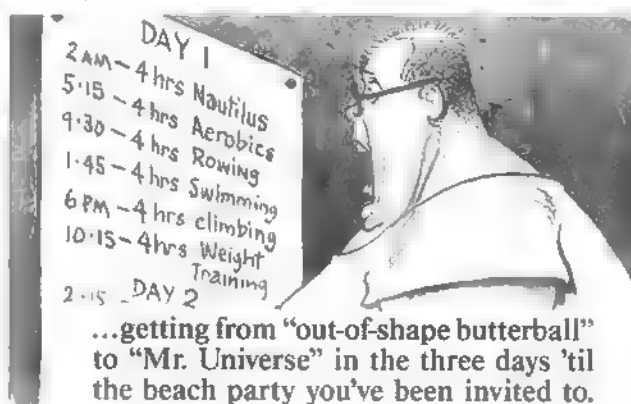


...innocently “re-checking” your ticket when the guy whose seat you’re in shows up to claim it.

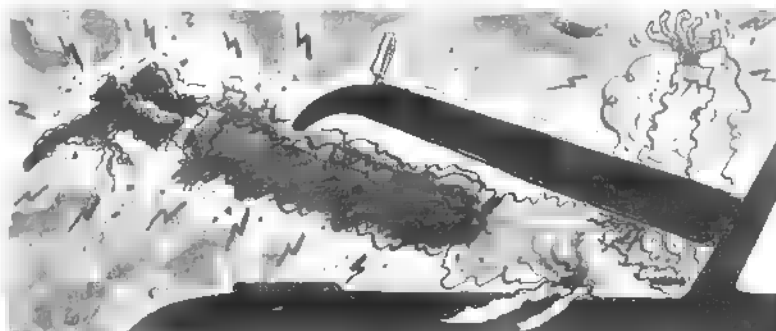
Nurses with saxophones!
NEXT DONAHUE!



...periodically tuning in the Pay-TV Channels—in case your Cable box “forgot” to scramble them.



...getting from “out-of-shape butterball” to “Mr. Universe” in the three days ‘til the beach party you’ve been invited to.



...jiggling all the wires under your car's hood when it breaks down—as if that might solve the problem.



...picking Lottery numbers by concentrating real hard on suddenly becoming clairvoyant.

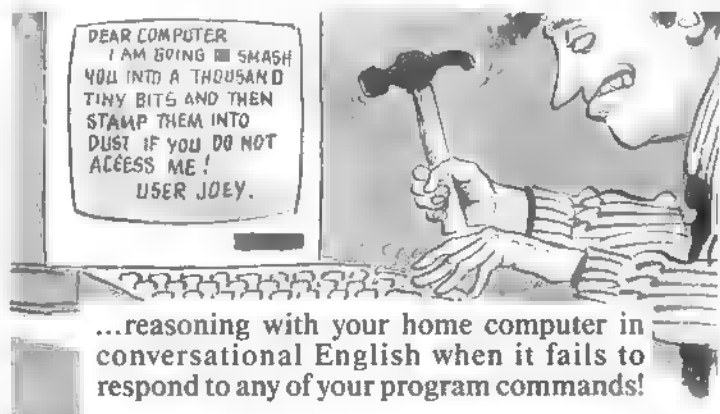


...leaving work a half hour early the day before a 3-day weekend to "avoid Holiday traffic."

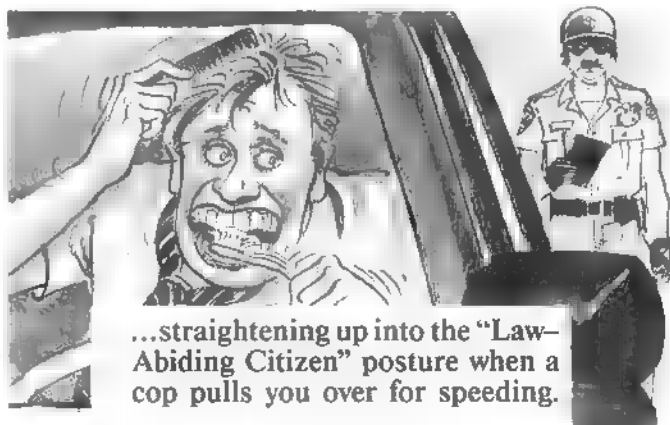
BUT YOU GOTTA TRY...

ARTIST: HARRY NORTH

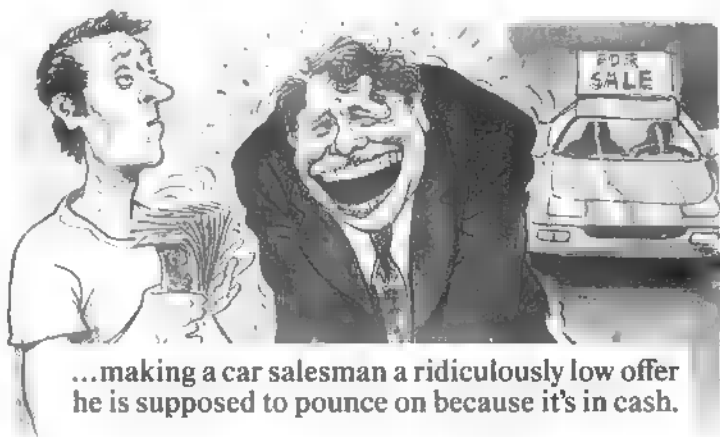
WRITER: MIKE SNIDER



...reasoning with your home computer in conversational English when it fails to respond to any of your program commands!



...straightening up into the "Law-Abiding Citizen" posture when a cop pulls you over for speeding.



...making a car salesman a ridiculously low offer he is supposed to pounce on because it's in cash.



A MAD LOOK AT GAR

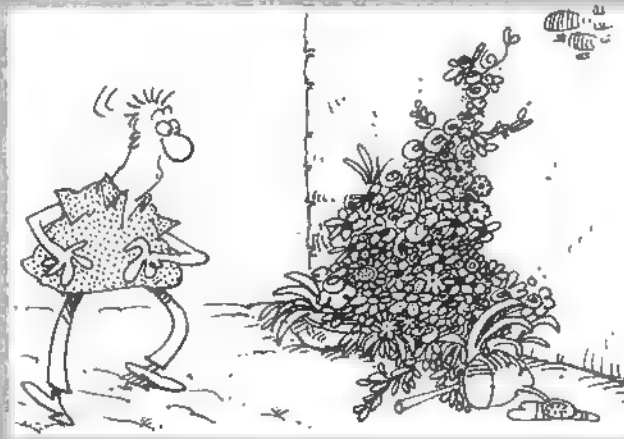
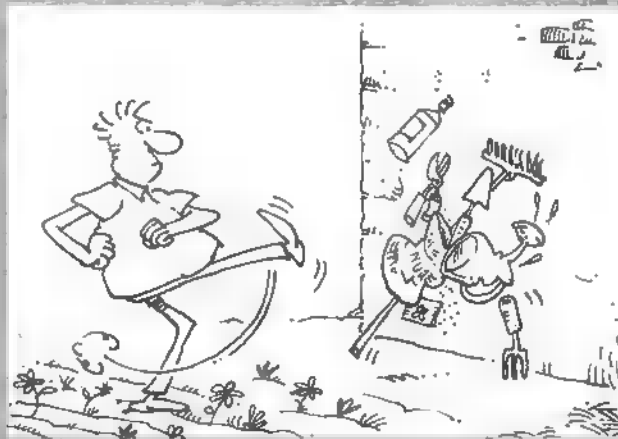
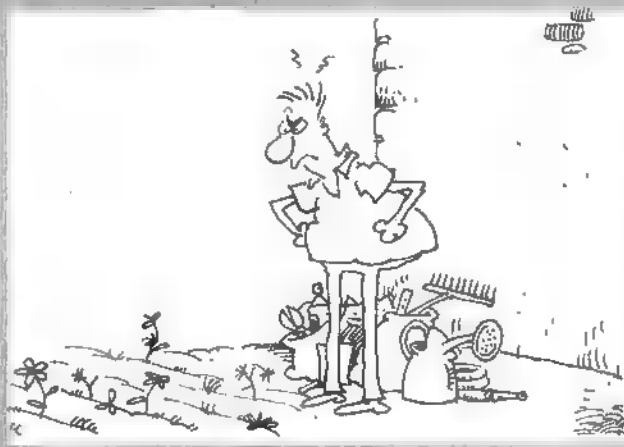


ARTIST AND WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONES



DENIING



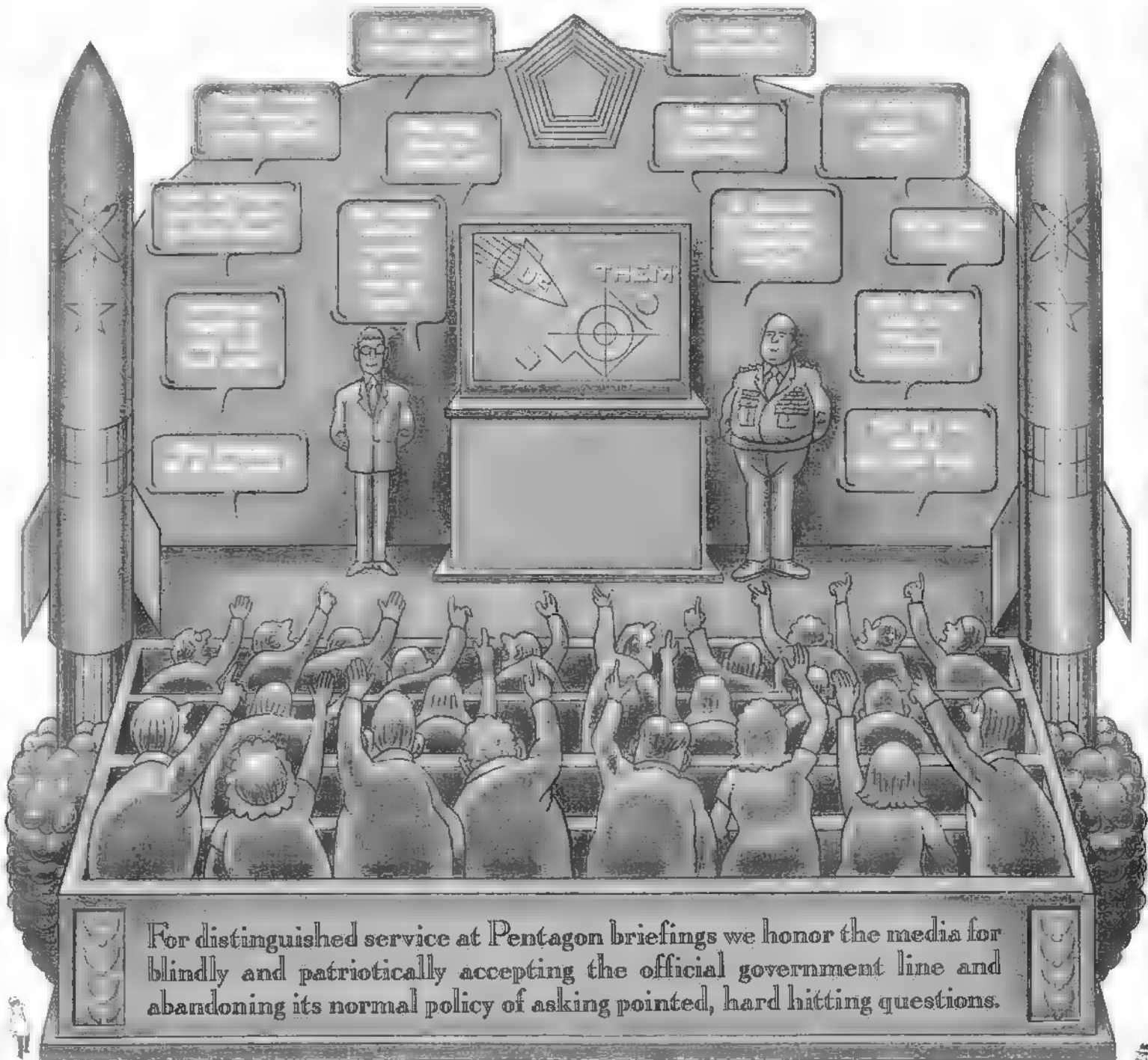


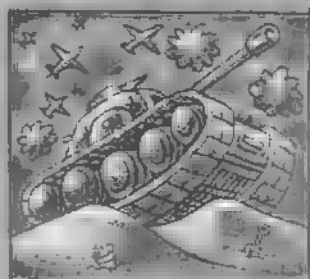


There's one sure thing you're bound to get after every war...no lamebrain, not ever-lasting peace, ever-lasting monuments! And so it is with Operation Desert Storm! But what kind of monuments should we have to commemorate this war? Think about it: What kind of information did we get? What impression of the war was given? What were the most vivid images? Here's...

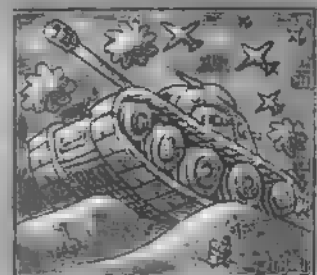
MAD'S SUGGESTIONS FOR GULF WAR MEMORIALS

ARTIST AND WRITER: AL JAFFEE

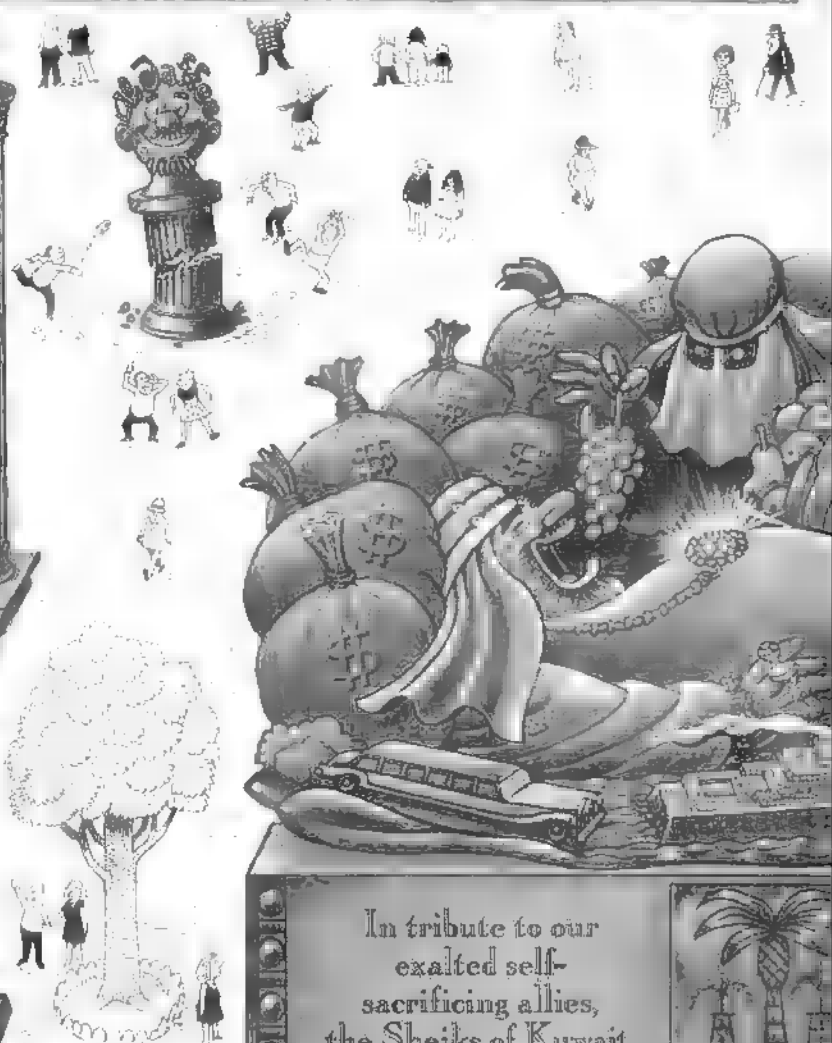




To the gallantry of our brave censorship
officers who heroically acted as human shields
to protect U.S. troops from rounds
of questions hurled at them by
television and newspaper reporters.



Proudly dedicated to the CIA
for deliberately not predicting
the Iraq invasion of Kuwait,
which provided the necessary
excuse for destroying vast
quantities of military
equipment the CIA sold to
Saddam and which was sure to
become a major embarrassment if
he launched a nuclear war someday.



In tribute to our
exalted self-
sacrificing allies,
the Sheiks of Kuwait,
who fled to Hotel



Neo-Nazi Circus
Clowns! **NEXT DONAHUE!**



Honoring the
profound vision of our
Commander in Chief
who courageously
continued
vacationing at
the height of
Desert Storm
in order to
set an example
of coolness
under fire to
calm the fears
of an anxious nation.



In proud recognition of intrepid
American book publishers whose
ferocious battle for the rights of
Stormin' Norman's memoirs reached a
new high for bidding war savagery.

suites in Europe to
wait out the war
rather than stay to
aid in the fight
for their homeland.

ELECTION FRIGHT RETURNS DEPT.

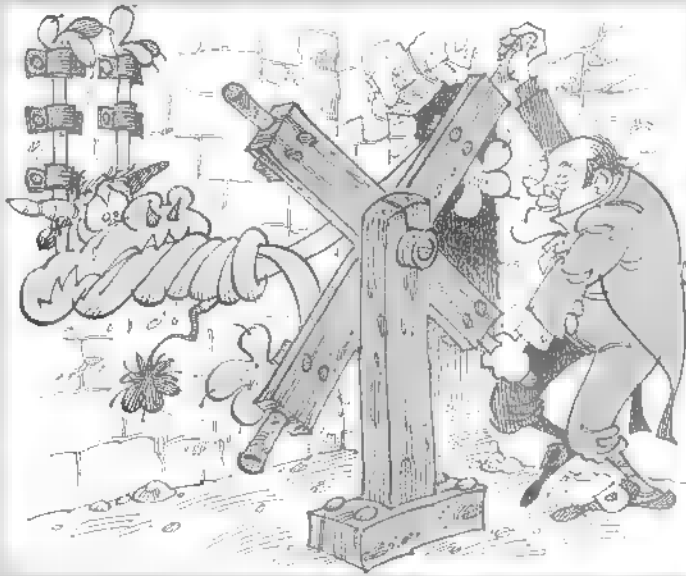
It's been countless years of tortured, sleepless nights since we last played our ghoulish game! You might remember how it's played: we take a



ARTIST: PAUL COKER



Digging Up A SCANDAL



Twisting A FACT



Ducking A QUESTION



Reviving An OLD ISSUE



Hanging On To A SLIM LEAD

familiar phrase or expression, and interpret it our own, twisted way to create a fiendish monster! So, when better to play than election year? Here's

FYING ICAL HES



The Congressman who was defeated by a hand puppet! NEXT DONAHUE!

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS



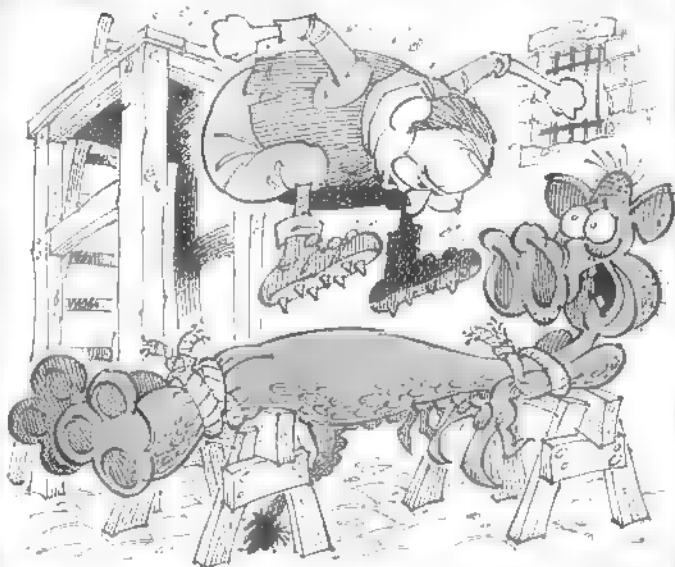
Hammering Out A COMPROMISE



Exercising A VETO



Toasting A VICTORY



Breaking A PLEDGE



Launching A CAMPAIGN

UTTERED NONSENSE DEPT.

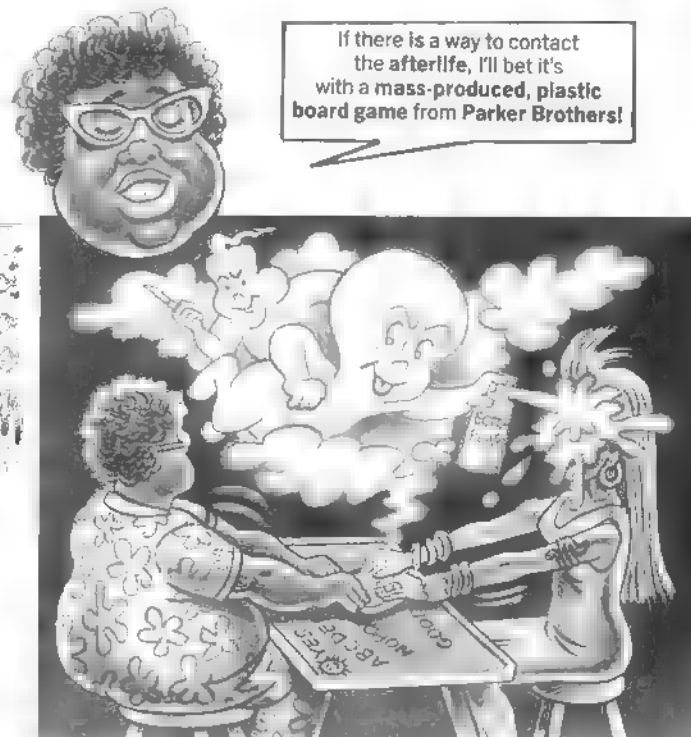
Most things serve some useful purpose. But far too many items exist for no valid reason at all. Yes, they're worthless. Why do they exist? Why do they take up valuable shelf space? In other words...

IF YOU NEVER

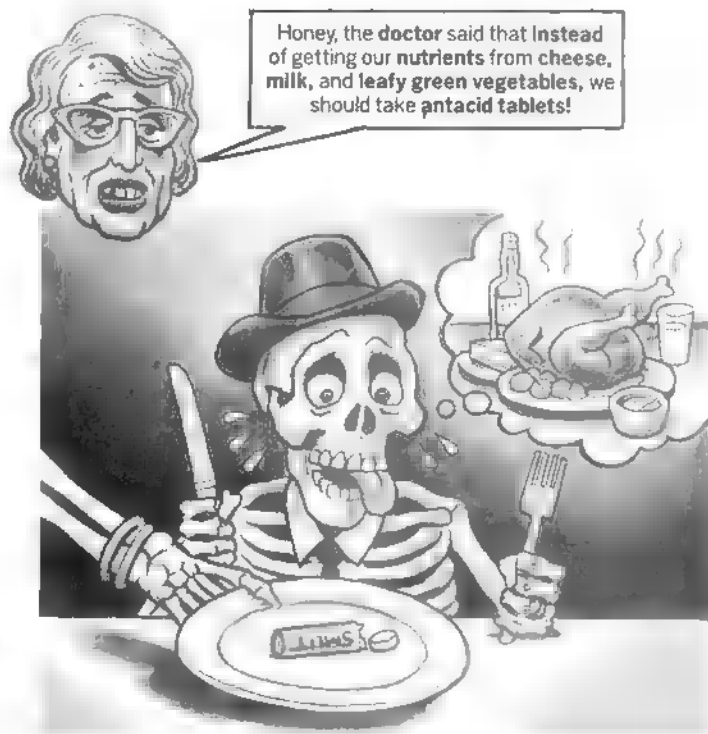
ARTIST: JOHN POUND



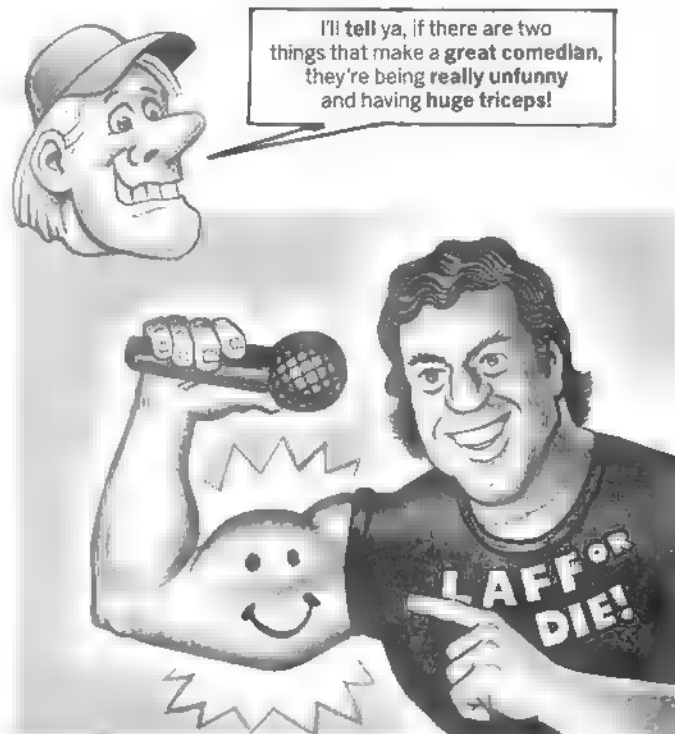
THEN WHY DO WE HAVE
The "Salad Shooter"?



THEN WHY DO WE HAVE
The Ouija Board?



THEN WHY DO WE HAVE
Tums PLUS Calcium?



THEN WHY DO WE HAVE
Joe Piscopo?



DO YOU HEAR ANYONE SAY...

WRITER: MARK HUDIS



You know what would be fun tonight?
Listening to **depression-inducing**
recordings of people
pretending to be my friends!



THEN WHY DO WE HAVE
I-900-“Romance Lines”?



There's **got** to be a way to
make myself look at least a **little**
more like a **prostitute!**



THEN WHY DO WE HAVE
Lee “Press-On” Nails?

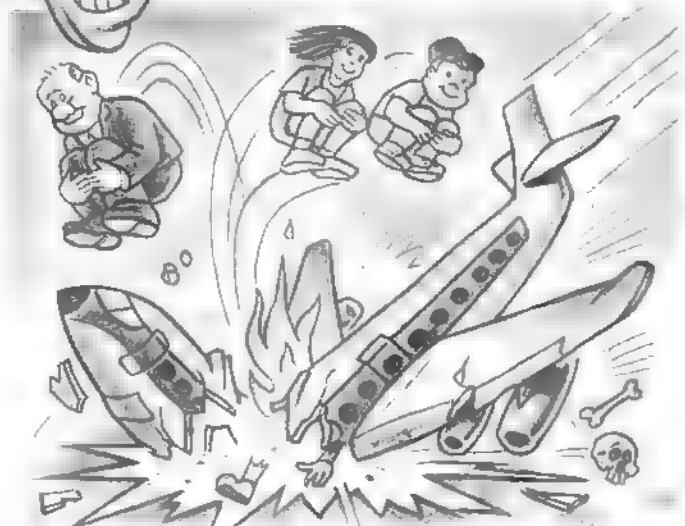


Fix this **transmission**
or you're **dead!**

THEN WHY DO WE HAVE
Stupid expressions like,
“I couldn't fix a transmission to save my life!”?



This just in—TransAir Flight 302
crashed minutes ago **killing**
everyone aboard except those with
their **knees** pulled into their chests!



THEN WHY DO WE HAVE
The Crash Position?

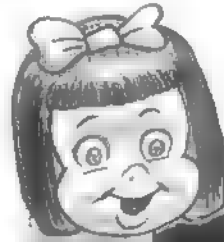
IF YOU NEVER HEAR ANYONE SAY...



Would you be so kind as to **scream** into my ear until I pass out?



THEN WHY DO WE HAVE
Guns N' Roses?



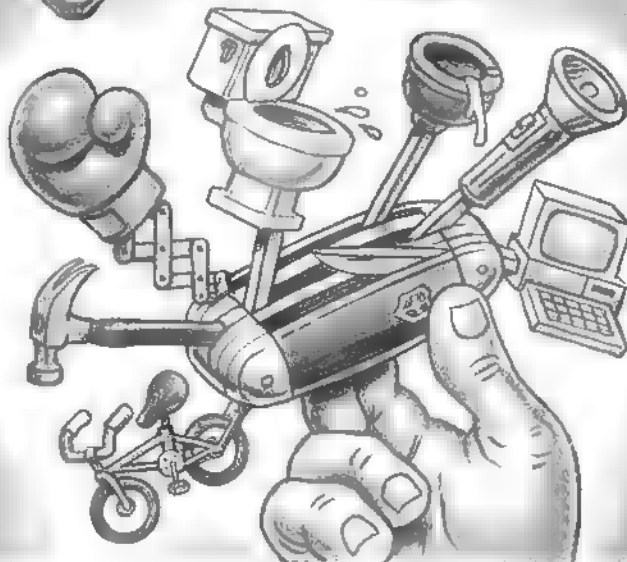
Man, you know what would really hit the spot right now? **Oat bran!**



THEN WHY DO WE HAVE
Oat Bran?



Pardon me, would you happen to have a **leather punch**? No? How about a **miniature saw**? A **fish scaler**? No? Would you have a **magnifying glass** that **doesn't work**? No? Well, how about a **knife**? No, a **smaller one**...



THEN WHY DO WE HAVE
The Swiss Army Knife?

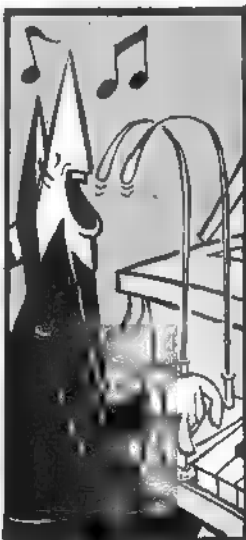
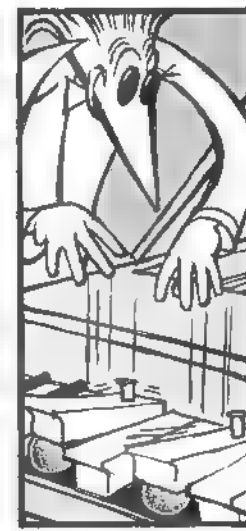
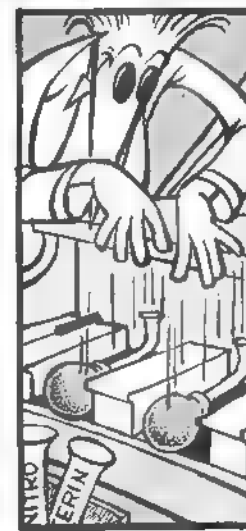
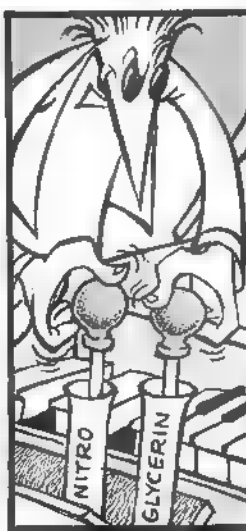
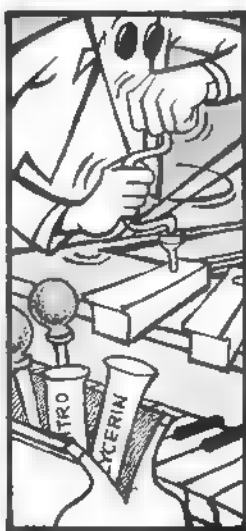


The more I learn about **frontal systems** and **barometric pressure**, the more I want to learn!

Toupees for newborns! **NEXT DONAHUE!**



THEN WHY DO WE HAVE
The Weather Channel?



NUTS AND BOLTS DEPT.

Here's a show that missed its chance to be really original! All they had to do was cast a Vila-type in the star role! No, not a Bob "This Old House" Vila-type, but a short Herve "Fantasy Island" Vila-type, or Villechaize, or Vila-whatever! Then they could call it...



Hi! I'm Twit Nailer, husband, father, and host of my own cable TV show! More important, I'm a power tool freak! Grunt! If I could, I'd sleep with my power tools! Grunt! Grunt!

I'm Chill, Twit's wife, and speaking of sleeping, I wish he'd bring some power tools to bed! It would be the first time there was any electricity there in years!

Boss! De plane! De plane! I smooth wood with de plane!

I'm Mal, Twit's sour, expressionless assistant! I hand Twit what he needs most on this show—hammers, nails, and straight lines!

IMPROVING

Gee, Dad this tree house is neat!

Thanks, Drab! Grunt! Who says your old man's a bumbling fool when it comes to building things?

I do! Pointing out the screw-ups you make is just about the only pleasure I get around here!

But not this time, Mom! Dad did a great job on this tree house! Lots of windows, solid floor, it's real sturdy...

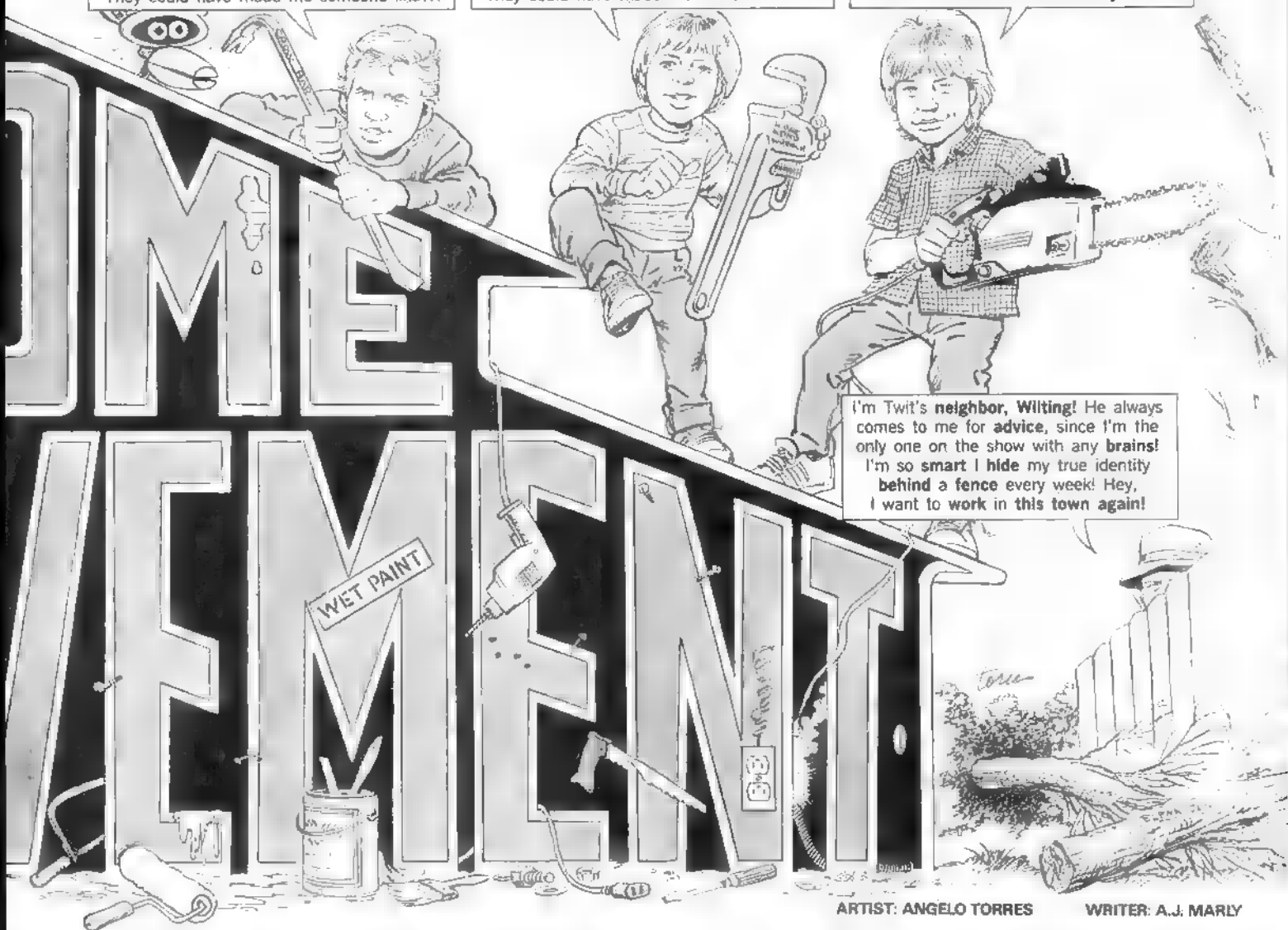
ACE
HARDWARE

Meet the man who traded his wife for
a construction helmet! **NEXT DONAHUE!**

I'm **Drab Nailer**, one of three nondescript, homogenized, un-funny **sons!** My principal character trait seems to be that I'm the **oldest!** What's funny about that, I have **no idea!** But it could have been **worse!** They could have made me someone like...

...me! I'm **Lark**, the **'baby'** nondescript, homogenized, un-funny **son!** I'm not cute enough to be another **Beaver Cleaver**, and I'm not **black** enough to be another **Gary Coleman!** But it could have been **worse!** They could have made me someone like...

...me, **Dandy**, the middle son! I don't have the luxury of being either the **oldest** or the **youngest** nondescript, homogenized, un-funny **son!** But it could have been **worse!** They could have made me someone like **my father!**



ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES

WRITER: A.J. MARLY

...and it's in our **family room!** How're you going to get it **outside** and up into the **tree** in less than the **30 minutes** we've got to do **this episode?**

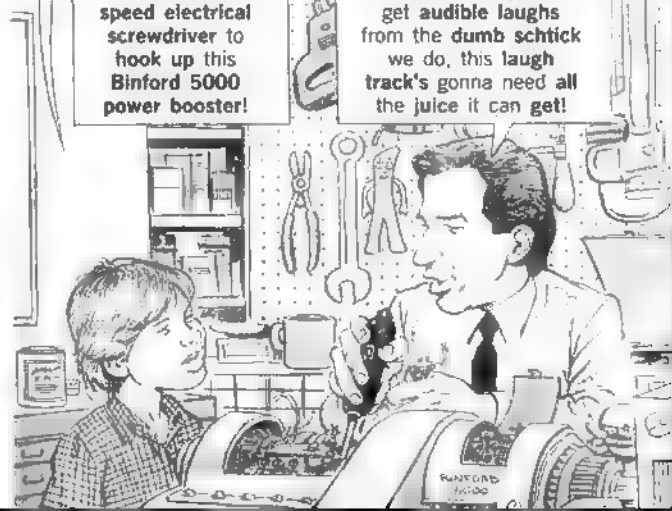
You're **rushing** things. **Chill!** I fumbled my way through **building** it, I'll bumble my way through **taking** it apart, then muddle my way through getting it **up into the tree!** Hey, we're looking at a **three-parter** here!

Whatcha doin' now, Dad?

Whatcha hooking ■ up to?

Using my **cordless**, **reversible**, **two-speed** electrical **screwdriver** to hook up this **Binford 5000** power booster!

The **laugh track** for this show! If we expect to get **audible laughs** from the **dumb schtick** we do, this **laugh track's** gonna need all the **juice** it can get!



Oh, no! What a hard hit he took!

Ouch! How do you handle pain like that?

Here you go, boys! Some nice hot popcorn for my guys to enjoy while watching a football game!

We're **not** watching a football game! We're watching a tape of Dad's last "Fool Time" television show!

Dad **smashed** his thumb with a hammer, **banged** his head against the drill press, and **dropped** a circular saw on his foot!

Okay, everyone, it's time to dig into one of your Dad's famous breakfasts! It's my day to cook, and the producer's way of showing that I have a domestic, nurturing side as well as a macho side!

Gee, I never heard of Cajun food for breakfast! Look at this—"blackened toast"!

Be careful drinking your orange juice—I just burned my tongue in ■

Dad, are you really going to do all the cooking today?

Sure am! By the way, what do you want for dinner?

Burger King!

Taco Bell!

Pizza Hut!

At least the producers are consistent, Twi! They've shown both your "domestic" side and "macho" side to be equally incompetent!

Okay, Dandy, just one more titanium hex bolt into this polycarbonated butt hinge, and you're going to have the finest bird house in your entire Boy Scout troop!

Right, Dad, except that it was supposed to be a mailbox!

Er, of course! But, er, this bird house is a mail box! It'll bring new meaning to the term "air mail"!

Right, Dad! Like you bring new meaning to the term "air head"!

You know, this here is actually my favorite "work bench"! I do my best finishing work here!

I know! I just wish you weren't into "finishing" early all the time!

Heh heh! That's cute! It's a sign of a good relationship when mates can laugh at intimate things together!

Except I don't think today's enlightened woman is supposed to do all her laughing in the bedroom!



I don't get it,
Wiltin'!
I love Chill,
but it makes
me crazy
when she
puts me
down so much!

Twit, you have to
understand that
marriage is no
joke! And life's
not a comedy!
It's an unpre-
dictable odyssey!

I wish you
wouldn't
use words
I don't
know the
meaning of,
Wiltin'!

Sorry,
Twit! An
"odyssey"
is a long,
wandering
journey!

I'm
talking
about
words
like
"joke"
and
"comedy"!

There's something
I just can't
figure out—why
would any women
watch this show?
This is without
a doubt a guy's
sit-com! Grunt!

Yes, but the guys on
this show are so
dense, dumb, and
dim-wittedly macho
that it makes us
gals feel really
good about being
women by comparison!



Hey, that's a nice
compliment! For a
minute I thought
you were going to
put us men down
again with one of
your typically
nasty remarks!

Keep up that
attitude and
you might get
appointed to the
Supreme
Court!

Right! By
the way,
I've
worked
on our
microwave
oven!

I figured that
out when I
realized we
have the only
microwave
oven with a
"rinse
cycle"!



Hi, folks! Welcome
to another edition
of "Fool Time!"
Mal, are we all
set for another
half hour of
Informative
homeowner tips?

Mm-hm!
Do we
have
every-
thing
we
need?

Mm-hm!
Are you this
commu-
nicative
at home
with your
wife, Mal?

I'm not
married!
Hey,
now
there's
a real
shock!



Mom,
how
come
Mal
is
such
a
dweeb?

Yeah, he
never
smiles
and he
walks
around
like a
zombie!

Why did
Dad
pick
him to
be his
assistant?

Dad didn't pick him,
the producers did!
They had to choose
someone who was a
catatonic clod like
Mal so that next to
him your moronic
father seems normal!



...so there you have it, folks—
our new garbage disposal unit
hooked up and all set to go!
To test it out, Mal is putting
in the first batch of garbage!
Phew! That is foul-smelling
stuff! What is it, Mal?

Mostly
some
scripts
we did
last
month!

Woo! Only goes
to prove that
garbage does
not age well!
Go ahead,
flip the
switch, Mal!



Er, uh, did that garbage disposal unit come with a warranty, Mal?

No, just the directions! Maybe you should've read them!

Twit, I couldn't take any more of the bone-headed incompetence around here, so I hired a real professional to help out!

Pleased to meet you, Twit! I'm Boob Villa!

Oh, wow--Boob Villa! I really admired you on your "This Old House" program! Welcome to our version of your popular TV show!

Unfortunately, I've seen "This Old Joke"! Look, that's what I want to talk to you about, Twit! I've studied the situation and I have a recommendation...

I know--don't ever buy a garbage disposal unit from the people who make the Yugo!



I'm afraid the situation here is more serious than that! You have design problems, basic structural flaws, and all around shoddy construction! In short--a total disaster!

Gee, Boob, this kitchen looks okay to me...

I'm talking about this series!

Boob, I hired you as a consultant! Please tell us how *Gnome Improvement* could be a better show!

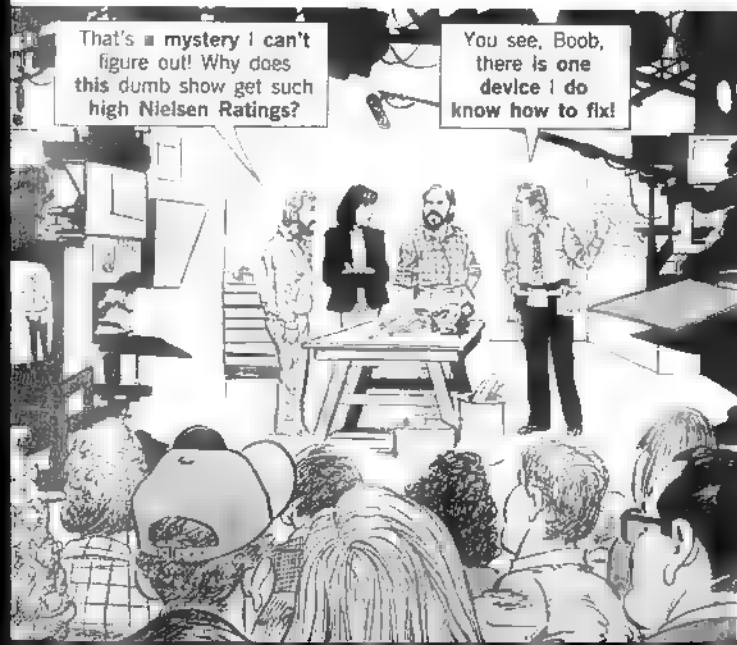
One, if you and Twit had a relationship more like Jamie Lee Curtis and Richard Lewis on *Anything But Love*! Two, if your kids were more dimensional like the kids on the early years of *Cosby*! Three, if your neighbor was a plus like "Kramer" is on the *Seinfeld* show instead of a minus like Wilton! Four...

Wait a minute, here! You make it sound like this show's a loser! The truth of the matter is that our ratings are always at the very top of the charts!



That's a mystery I can't figure out! Why does this dumb show get such high Nielsen Ratings?

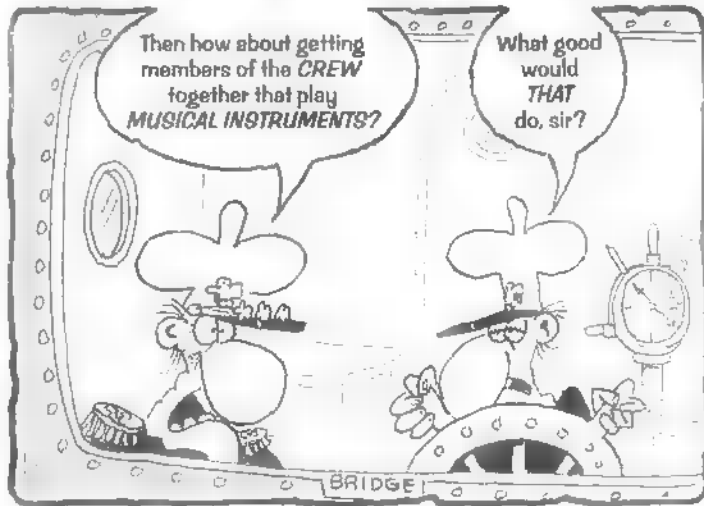
You see, Boob, there is one device I do know how to fix!



By rigging up enough of these, anyone can have a hit series!



THE SOGGY SEA SAGA



ARTIST AND WRITER: DUCK EDWING





PUTTING ON THE OLD FEEDBACK DEPT.

These days, more and more businesses are handing out Customer Satisfaction Surveys. You know what we're talking about—those lists of questions asking if the service has been good, if the staff has been friendly, and if the company has been living up to your expectations. Who

CUSTOMER SATISFACTION

ARTIST: TOM BUNK

FROM THE NEIGHBORHOOD BULLY

Thank you for attending today's beating and/or humiliation. Please take a few minutes to answer these questions so that in our next encounter we'll be able to do an even better job of emotionally scarring you for life.

- | | YES | NO |
|---|--------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1) Were our threats of violence and bodily harm colorful enough? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 2) Were you sufficiently intimidated? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 3) Were we careful to approach you when you were with the person you <i>least</i> want to look like a sniveling coward in front of? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 4) Were any demands made that couldn't possibly be met if your life depended on it? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 5) What changes would you like to see in future bullying and/or beatings? | | |

FROM TV NETWORKS

In our efforts to maintain our current high standards, it's important to know what our viewers think. So we're asking you to fill out this questionnaire. Don't worry about it causing you to miss any of your favorite shows...We're replacing an hour of prime time programming with "My Mother the Car" to give you all the time you need!

- | | YES | NO |
|---|--------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1) Have we been successful at pretending that the same mindless sitcom we've been showing for 40 years is hilarious new entertainment? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 2) Do we tantalize you with enough sex-oriented news shows and "hot" specials during Ratings Sweeps Weeks, and are we quick enough to go back to the same old boring crap when the ratings sweeps are over? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 3) Are we mangling enough of your favorite movies by adhering to archaic censorship standards and cutting films to bits to allow for commercials? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 4) Are you satisfied that we've totally conditioned your children to accept gratuitous, graphic violence as a form of entertainment? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 5) Have we overlooked any opportunity to remove everything of real quality from the airwaves? | | |
- (Please be specific—we'll get right on it!)





knows if anyone even looks at these things, but at least they give us something to gripe about besides the bill! It's too bad that more types of individuals and organizations don't hand out these questionnaires. It would give us a chance to sound off, maybe even make a difference! Here's

QUESTIONNAIRES SURVEYS we'd really like to see

WRITER: CARY PEPPER

FROM THIRD WORLD DICTATORS

Thank you for letting me be your ruler for the last six years. How am I doing? Please answer these questions honestly, with no fear of reprisals. After all, we know where you live. If we wanted you, we'd already have come for you in the middle of the night!

YES NO

- 1) When I seized power, was my political rhetoric sincere enough to make you think I myself believed any of it? ☐ ☐
- 2) Is my propaganda machine effective enough so that you really think things might actually change? ☐ ☐
- 3) Have my denials of accusations that my entire family is on the government payroll convinced you it's merely a coincidence that everyone in the capital has the same last name as me? ☐ ☐
- 4) Are my promises to protect human rights getting through to all your friends and relatives in political prisons and forced labor camps? ☐ ☐
- 5) Are enough people disappearing so that you know exactly how to vote in the next "open" election? ☐ ☐

FROM ROAD TEST EXAMINERS

It was an honor to be your Road Test Examiner this afternoon. Before you leave, please answer the following questions. If you prefer, you may answer them at home, or on the way home —on the bus!

YES NO

- 1) When we first met, was I cold enough to instantly communicate there was no way in hell you'd be passing your Driver's Test today? ☐ ☐
- 2) Did I make you sufficiently nervous so that as soon as you got in the car you forgot everything they taught you in Driver's Ed? ☐ ☐
- 3) Were my instructions vague enough so you never knew exactly what I wanted, and I could always claim I meant something entirely different from what you did? ☐ ☐
- 4) Were my ominous grunts, sighs and moans timed well, to make you think I was actually judging what you were doing? ☐ ☐
- 5) Was my good-bye officious enough to be somehow significant, yet unclear enough to leave you completely in doubt about ever being able to legally drive in this state? ☐ ☐



SOUND



BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

THE LIGHTS

CURIOSITY



College professors who can't pronounce their own names! **NEXT DONAHUE!**



FOOTBALL



I know you've been explaining the strategy of this game, but I'm still confused! If they're still playing on the field, why is half the stadium emptying out?

Fans have strategy, too!



They're rushing to the restrooms to avoid the crowds at halftime!

ROOMS

GO GIANTS

GIANTS

R SIDE OF...

ARTIST & WRITER:
DAVE BERG

GIFTS

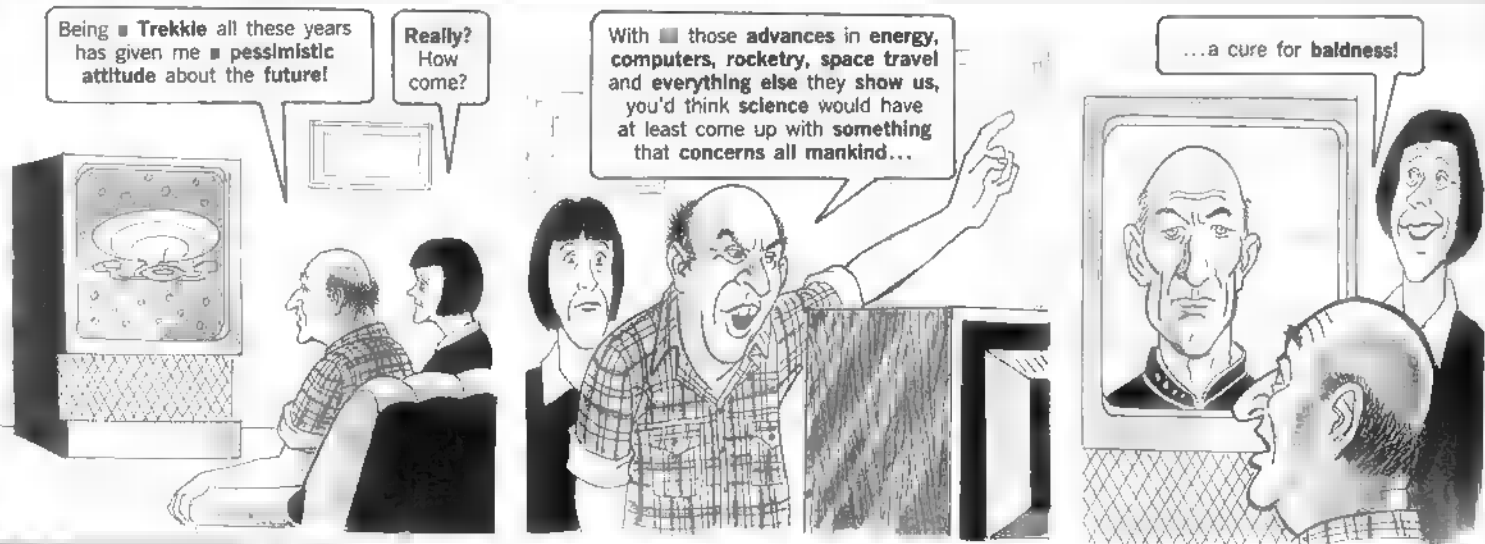
Mom, what would you like for your birthday?

Just ten minutes of absolute peace and quiet!

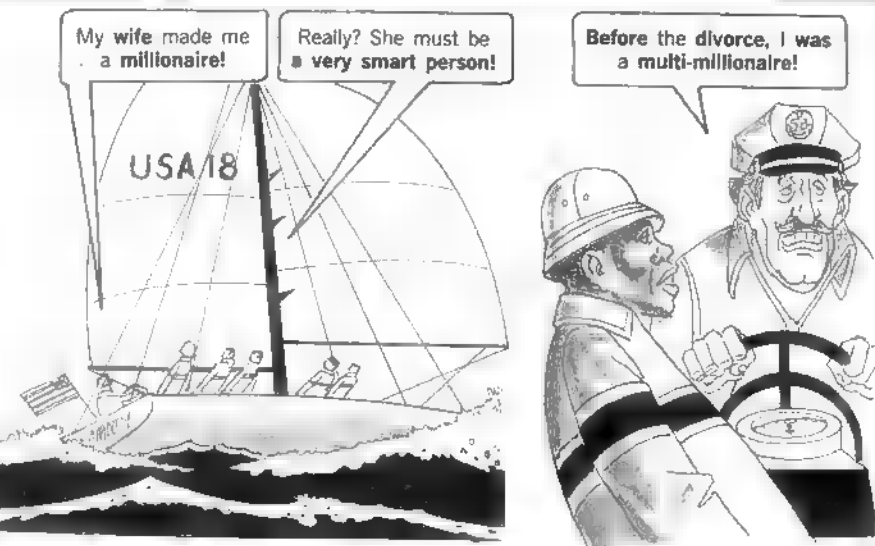
Did you hear that, creep? Mom wants some peace and quiet, so keep ■ down or I'll turn out your lights!

Oh, yeah? Maybe ■ punch in the mouth will shut you up so Mom can get some peace and quiet!

THE FUTURE



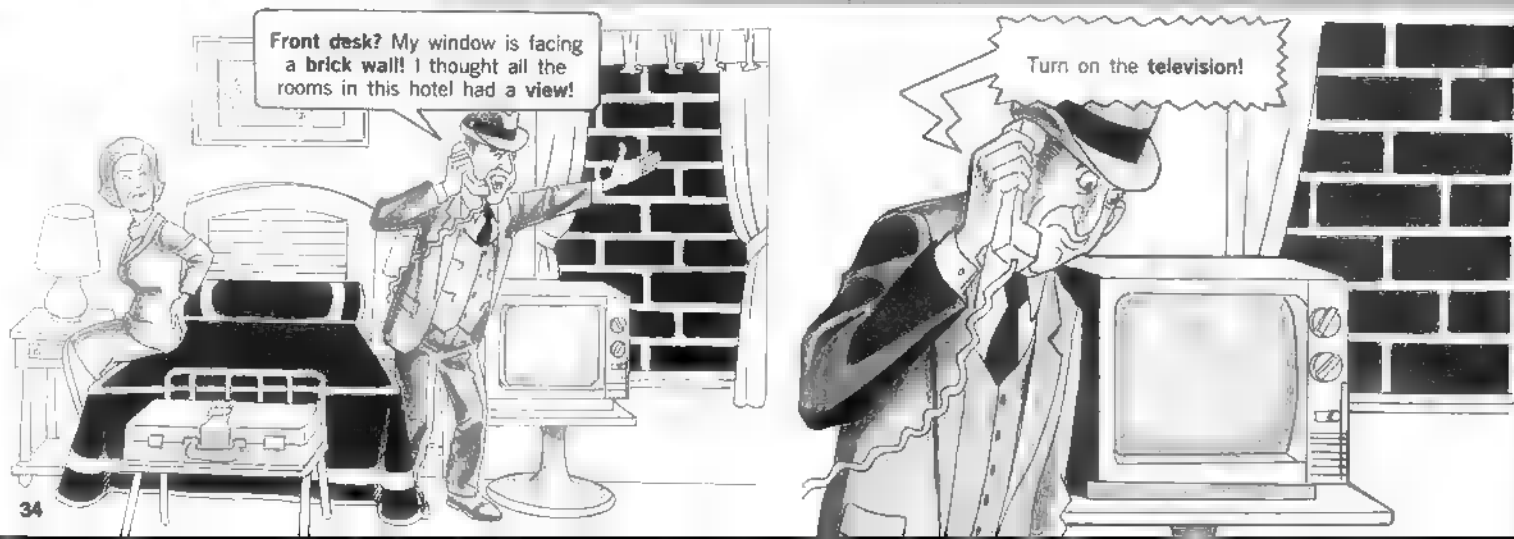
MONEY



COMMUNICATION



HOTELS



FOOD

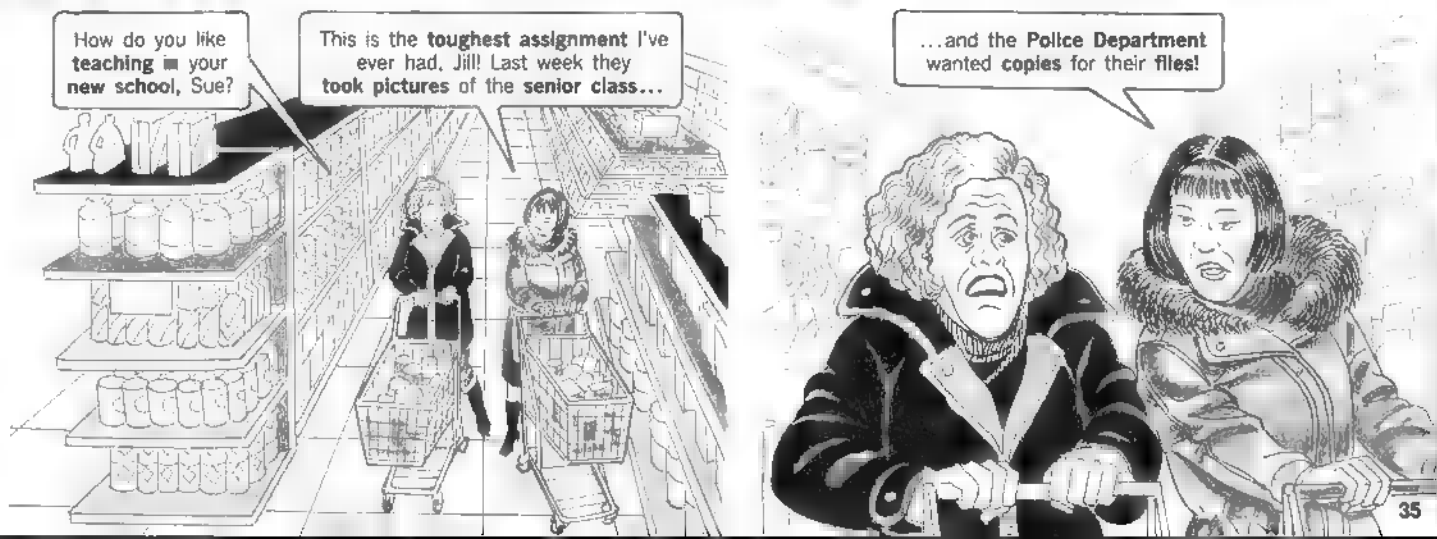


THE ECONOMY

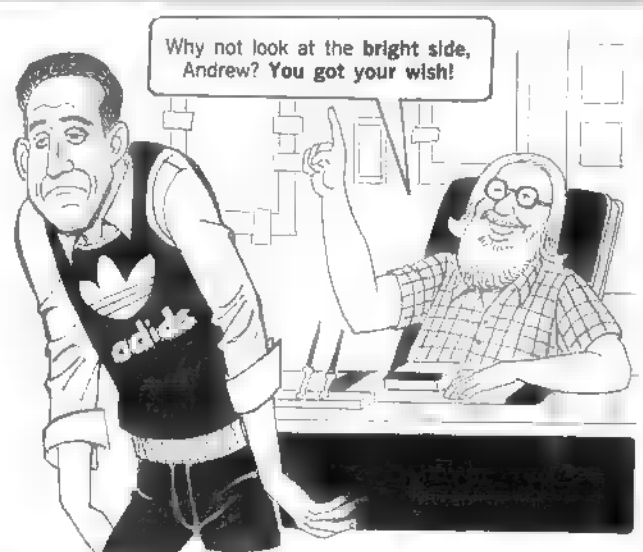
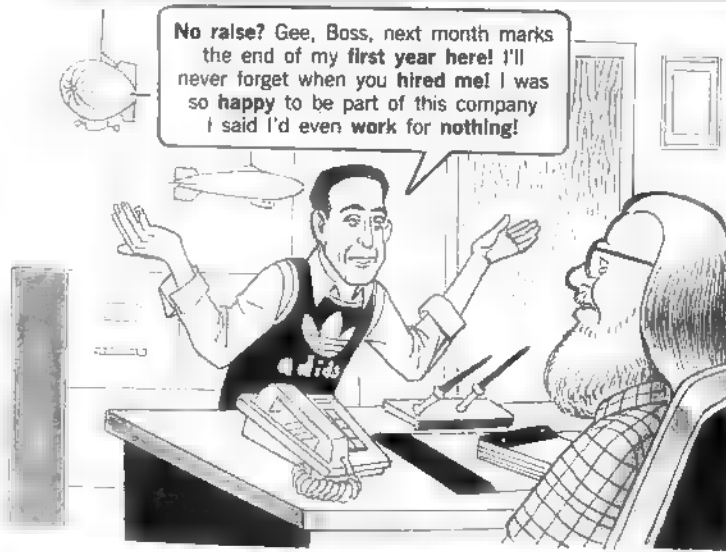


TEACHING

Breast enlargement for Barbie Dolls! **NEXT DONAHUE!**



THE OFFICE



TOYS



DOCTORS



Meet the juggler who terrorized a sperm bank! **NEXT DONAHUE!**



You've Been Looking for WALDO



Pickpockets who work nude beaches! **NEXT DONAHUE!**



NOW WHERE'S...

Hank the Hamster?



Gabby the Gorilla?



NOW WHERE'S...

Fletcher the Flea?



Timothy the Turtle?

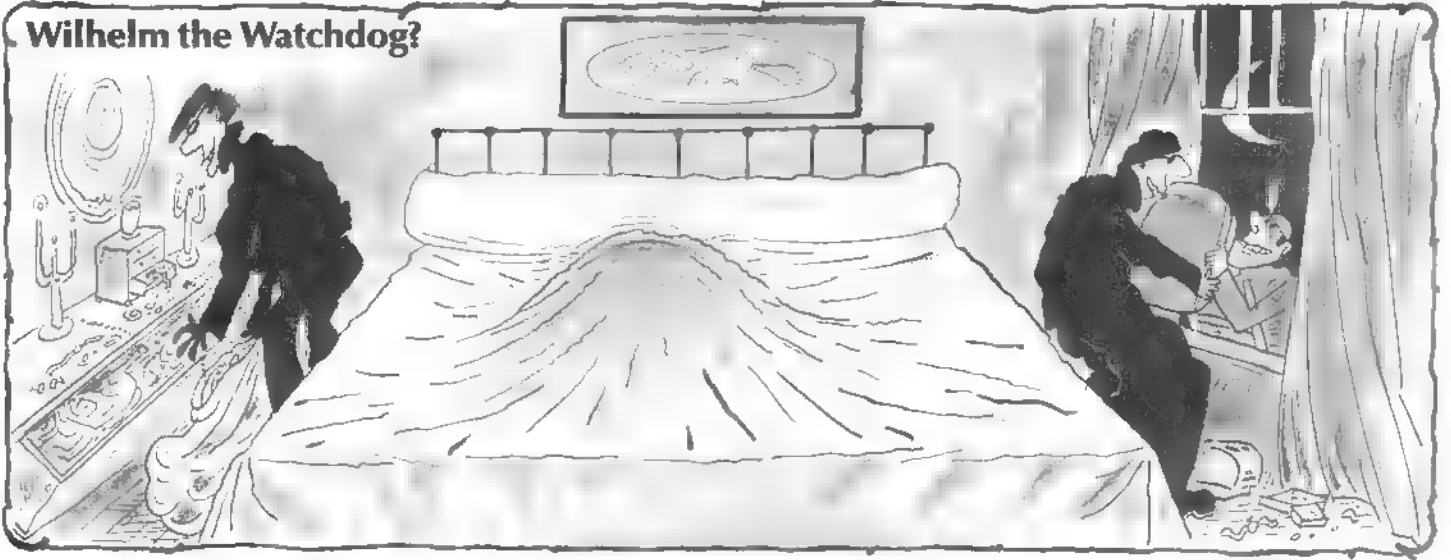


Gomer the Groundhog?





Wilhelm the Watchdog?



Taj the Termite?

Adult children of childish adults! NEXT DONAHUE!



PORCIS

Gertie the Goldfish?



AN ACADEMY AWARD SCENE WE'D LIKE TO SEE



A while back (Okay, MADs 262 and 270, you anal chowderheads!) we addressed the burning dilemma of labeling rock records. We thought it was an excellent idea and suggested numerous examples of albums which we thought really needed a warning. Unfortunately, like with so many other things we've suggested over the years, no one listened. But we keep trying, because that's the kind of hairpins we are! Recently, we were in a music store and spotted a whole new batch of albums that needed labels but didn't have any. So once again we present...

Still More Badly Needed WARNING LABELS for ROCK ALBUMS

WRITER: DESMOND DEVLIN



CAUTION!
THIS RECORD PROVES
ONCE AND FOR ALL WHY
WHITE PEOPLE SHOULD
NEVER, EVER RAP!

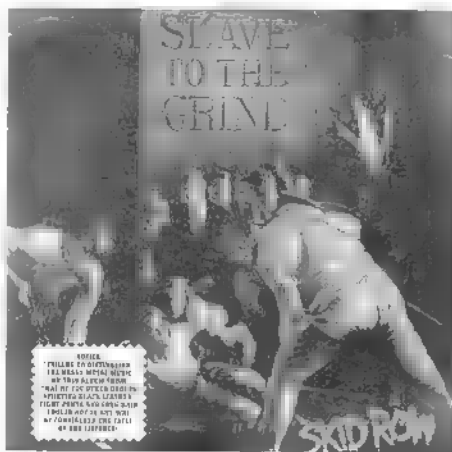
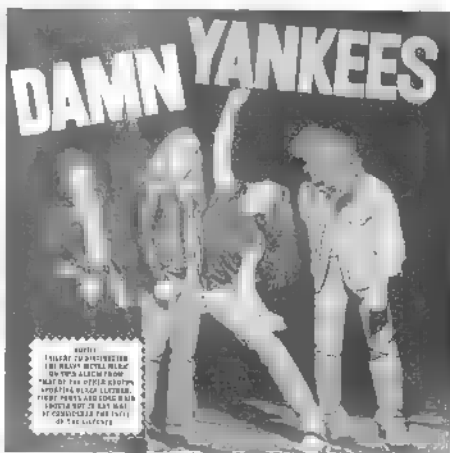
Inside the topless
bank! **NEXT DONAHUE!**



WARNING:

Before you Gamble on Whether This Album
is Any Different from Their Last Ten, Ask
Yourself Why, After 20 Years, This Group is
Still Known as "Those Guys With the Beards."





NOTICE:
**FAILURE TO DISTINGUISH
THE HEAVY METAL MUSIC
ON THIS ALBUM FROM
THAT OF 200 OTHER GROUPS
SPORTING BLACK LEATHER,
TIGHT PANTS AND LONG HAIR
SHOULD NOT IN ANY WAY
BE CONSIDERED THE FAULT
OF THE LISTENER!**



PERV ALERT!
There Is Something Truly Frightening
About a Bunch of Hairless Nine-Year-
Olds Singing About "Doing It All Night!"



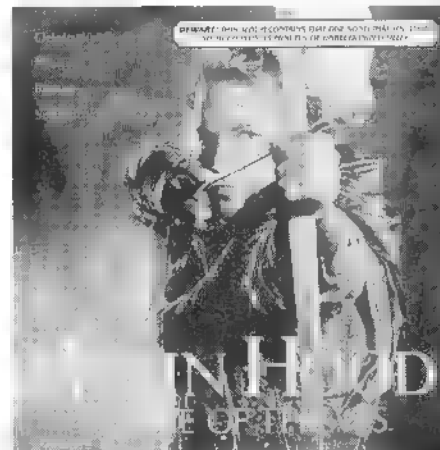
The men of Chippendale's perform
eye surgery! **NEXT DONAHUE!**



WARNING: This CD may not even have the timeless, lasting value of the Archies or the Chipmunks.



BEWARE: THIS ALBUM CONTAINS THAT ONE SONG THAT YOU LOVED SO MUCH PLUS 45 MINUTES OF UNRECOGNIZED FILLER.



Meet the real-life Cap'n Crunch! NEXT DONAHUE!

CONSUMER WARNING:
IF PEOPLE KEEP ENCOURAGING HIM, HOW LONG BEFORE AN ALBUM OF ALL-ESKIMO MUSIC?



Beware
Sinéad says that by buying her album you are helping to subsidize the soulless greedheads who make the music industry a stinking pot of scum!

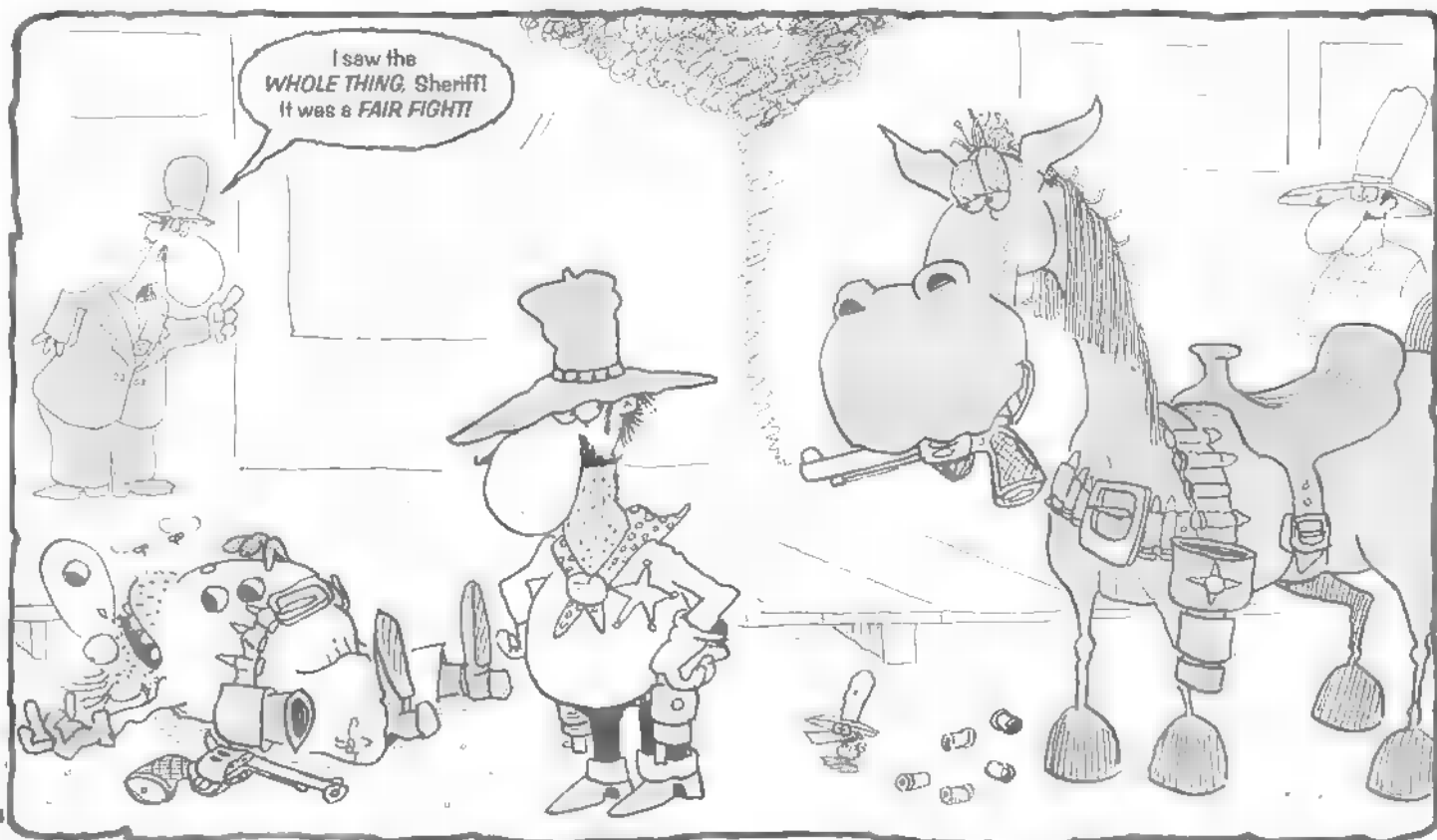


THE SHOCKING SUNDOWN SHOWDOWN

ARTIST AND WRITER: DUCK EDWING



BLAM POW BAM POW BLAM



Not too long ago, we confirmed the deaths of Mr. Clean, Charlie the Starkist Tuna and several other merchandising characters. It seems, however, that our list wasn't complete, and for MAD this won't do at all! Here, therefore, are

more

OBITUARIES

FOR MERCHANDISING CHARACTERS

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

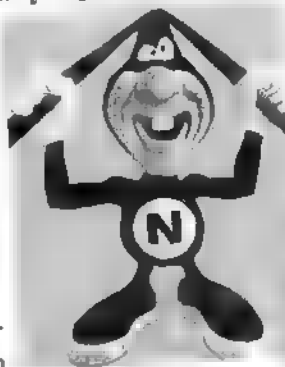
Noid Dies After Plot Fails to Pan Out

The Noid, longtime Domino's nemesis, died today after a failed attempt to sabotage the company's pizzas with tainted anchovies.

"It was clearly an act of revenge by a desperate creature," said a Domino's executive. "After we dropped him from our advertising campaigns, he vowed to get even. I guess he still wanted a slice of the pie."

It is believed that the Noid infiltrated an unheated oven, then was baked to death after it was turned on. He tried to escape, but was held fast by the melting cheese.

Funeral arrangements are being handled by Domino's, who promise to deliver him to his grave in less than 30 minutes.



Famed Party Animal Spuds MacKenzie Dies

Spuds MacKenzie, who electrified the nation with his beer drinking, carousing and gorgeous women, died today after being run over by a truck he was chasing. The Budweiser party animal had just turned six.

"He spotted a Miller Lite truck and went crazy," explained a Budweiser spokesman. "He was growling and snapping, determined to chase off the competition, but he got too close to the wheels. It's a great loss and we're as crushed as he is."

MacKenzie was hired by Budweiser as spokespooch in 1988, but not after some controversy. Several company executives feared he was giving the firm a black eye, and rumors persisted that he refused to be housebroken.

"Let's be fair to Spuds," the spokesman said. "Sure, he occasionally couldn't control himself at parties, but it's not easy holding all that beer."

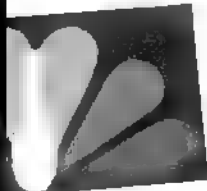
MacKenzie will be buried on the company grounds, along with his leash, muzzle and diamond-studded collar. Pallbearers include Mighty Dog, Pluto, Snoopy, Marmaduke and McGruff, the Crime Dog.



NBC Peacock Dies

The NBC Peacock, 47, died today of poor exposure after failing to fight off an epidemic of cable-TV programs and video-cassette releases.

He will be replaced by a turkey.



Suicide Claims Life Of Exxon Tiger, 27

Suicide has claimed the life of the Exxon Tiger. He was 27.

The great cat, who inspired the slogan, "Put a tiger in your tank," was found in his locked garage with his motor running, a victim of carbon monoxide poisoning.

"I guess you could say it was a case of putting the tank in the tiger," joked an Exxon official.

According to friends, the Tiger had been extremely depressed ever since the Exxon oil spill in Alaska. As an endangered species, he was saddened by the loss of wildlife and felt ashamed of being the Exxon symbol.

"We'll probably stuff him and keep him as a trophy," said the Exxon executive, "or maybe use his hide as a slip-cover."

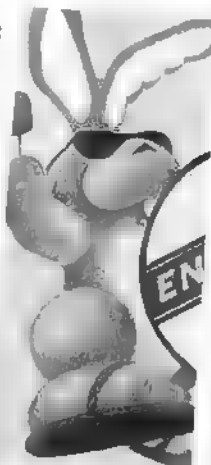
The company has no plans to acquire another tiger. "Most likely, we'll come up with another animal as a symbol—like a snake or a vulture," the executive said. He is survived by a brother, Tony the Tiger.



Energizer Rabbit Dies Of Digestive Disorder

The Energizer Rabbit died today of a digestive ailment, brought on by eating the burritos while interrupting a Taco Bell commercial.

"He couldn't resist the Mexican food," an Energizer spokesman said. "Within hours he was going and going and going. It wasn't a pretty sight! We tried to rush him into a Kaopectate commercial, but by then it was too late. He was going, going, gone!"

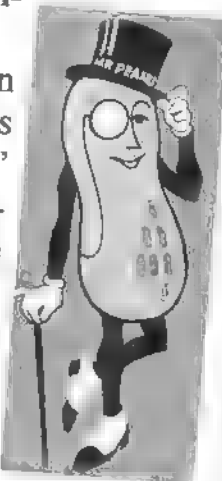


Mr. Peanut, 72, Dies In Mental Hospital

Mr. Peanut, longtime Planters employee, died yesterday at 72. He had been confined to a mental hospital, suffering from a severe identity crisis.

"He tried to put on rich, fancy airs with his top hat and monocle," said a company psychiatrist, "but deep down he knew he was only working for peanuts. He became terribly depressed, and despite years of therapy, we couldn't get him out of his shell. In the end, he was a certifiable nut case."

As of today, company officials had not decided whether to give him a funeral or a posthumous roast.



Mr. Zip Dies at 36

According to a press release postmarked March 25, 1987, but received only today, Mr. Zip is dead after collapsing beneath several tons of junk mail. He was 36.



Smooth Character Dies After Missile Attack

Smooth Character, the humped symbol of Camel Cigarettes, has died of injuries suffered during a missile attack. He was 11.

According to a close friend, the Marlboro Man, the Smooth Character had been visiting relatives in Kuwait during Operation Desert Storm. He was struck by fragments of a Patriot Missile that had intercepted an incoming Scud.

"Actually his death is good for us," a Camel spokesman said today. "It proves beyond all doubt that smoking doesn't kill you, but missiles do."



Bluebonnet Girl, 41, Dies

The Bluebonnet Girl, 41, died today of exhaustion. Company officials blamed her death on an ever-increasing workload.

"It was clear she was spreading herself too thin," said a spokesman.

In accordance with her will, she will be cremated with her ashes scattered over all 50 states. "After all," she said recently, "everything's better with Bluebonnet on it."



Uncle Ben, 84, Dies In Racial Incident

Uncle Ben, 84, died today from injuries suffered in a racially motivated incident.

According to witnesses, he was stopped by Los Angeles police officers for no apparent reason. Though normally mild-mannered, Uncle Ben became stirred up and boiled over at the unlawful detainment, and a pressure-cooker situation quickly developed.

"We told him to put a lid on it," said one of the officers, "but he was in hot water from the start."

"No way," said Aunt Jemima, a neighbor. "Sure, he got steamed, but what they did to him goes against the grain."

Funeral arrangements are not complete, due to no one knowing Uncle Ben's religious preference. It is believed he was recently converted.

California Raisins Die of Old Age



The California Raisins, who sang and danced their way to national acclaim, have died of old age, according to news heard through the grapevine.

"It's not all that surprising," said Sun Maid, a close friend. "They were all dried up and wrinkled and feeling boxed in with age."

The group made their show-business debut as youngsters, calling themselves The Grapettes. Though green newcomers, they soon displayed the seeds of greatness. "A most pleasing bunch," said a local critic, who lauded them for their good taste.

As the years passed, however, the group appeared to run out of juice, forcing a major career change. "When they hung us out to dry, we gave our routine a new wrinkle," said one of the raisins last year, "and the fruit of our efforts paid off."



NOT PLAYING (The Sequel)

THE
RACKETEER

NOT PLAYING

EMERALD CITY
MARIO'S MOVIES
AND SKUNK RANCH
LLS-5555
THUMBS-DOWN
THEATRE
LJS-9801
EIGHTPLEX IS ENOUGH
JKS-7582

GOTHAM CITY
CINEMA STENCHERINO
JKS-2844
NEXT STOP HBO
MULTIPLEX
LLS-1500
DOLBYLESS THEATRE
KJB-0000

SUFFRAGETTE CITY
UNFOCUSED FLICKS
LJS-1777
M-M-M-MOVIES!
KLS-6509
GANG WARFARE
MOVIE PALACE
JJS-1111

© The Walt Dizzy Co.

WoodFellas

Three Decades of Life as a Marionette.

PINOCCHIO

HOWDY DOODY

CHARLIE McCARTHY

NOT PLAYING

CHINA BEACH
DEMOLISHED
MULTIPLEX
LKS-0983
CINEMA WACKO
JKS-2000
MOVIES ON WHEELS
LLS-5658

TWIN PEAKS
RADIO CINEMA
KKS-0111
MOVIES AT THE
ABANDONED MALL
JLS-1511
THEATRE IN THE MUD
LJS-1000

KNOTS LANDING
MOVIES IN YOUR FACE
KLS-1988
SEQUELS-ONLY CINEMA
KJS-2364
HIDE-IN-THE-TRUNK
DRIVE-IN
JJS-5375

© Warning Bros.

ARTIST: GREG THEAKSTON

WRITER: CHARLIE KADAU

NURSING HOME ALONE

A family comedy without the next of kin.

NOT PLAYING

**NORTH
SOUTHPORT**

CINEMA I-IX,
EXCEPT III AND VII
KKS-8544
BRIGHT SKYLIGHT
THEATRE
JJS-0001
THIN-WALLED MULTIPLEX
KKS-5220

EAST NORTHTON

MOVIE BUCKET
JLS-3000
LOEW'S CHAPTER II
THEATRE
LKS-6850
UNDERWATER DRIVE-IN
KJS-1050

WEST EASTBURG

SHOUT "FIRE!" THEATRE
JKS-7562
CINEMA SWEAT
JLS-0565
HALF A SCREEN IS
BETTER THAN NONE
DRIVE-IN
LLS-7562

**SOUTH
WESTVILLE**

MOVIES SCHMOOVIES
JLS-1690
MISSING REEL
DISCOUNT FLICKS
KLS-6265
SCREEN MOVIE
MEGALOPOLIS
LJS-9501



© 20th Century Jocks

**WHAT REPUBLICAN
WITH AN
OUTRAGEOUS PAST
IS HOPING TO
STEAL HIS PARTY'S
NOMINATION IN '92?**

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS **MAD FOLD-IN**

GOP mavericks will be **DUKING** it out at the convention. To see who is wrong and who is **ULTRA RIGHT**, fold page in as shown.



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A ►

FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

◄ B FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT



REPUBLICAN EXTREMISTS ARE YELLING ABOUT HOW BAD
OUR NATION'S LEADERSHIP IS. THEY'D VERY MUCH
LIKE NEW LEADERS WHO'D FOLLOW THESE THREE STEPS:
1. STOP WELFARE. 2. STOP IMMIGRATION. 3. STOP
BUILDING UP NATIONS WE FORMERLY WANTED TO CRUSH

A ►

◄ B

**“She’s had three miscarriages
in the last two years.
Still she drinks Johnnie Warper.”**



Good taste is always in absence.

A MAD AD PARODY

